AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

NEW ZEALAND $5.50*
MARCH 1986 • $3.95 *

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
HOGES
THE CLOWN PRINCE OF OZ IS NOBODY'S FOOL

UNI: THE PATH TO SUCCESS?

DIRE STRAITS
TOUR PROMOTER ROCKS ALL THE WAY TO THE BANK

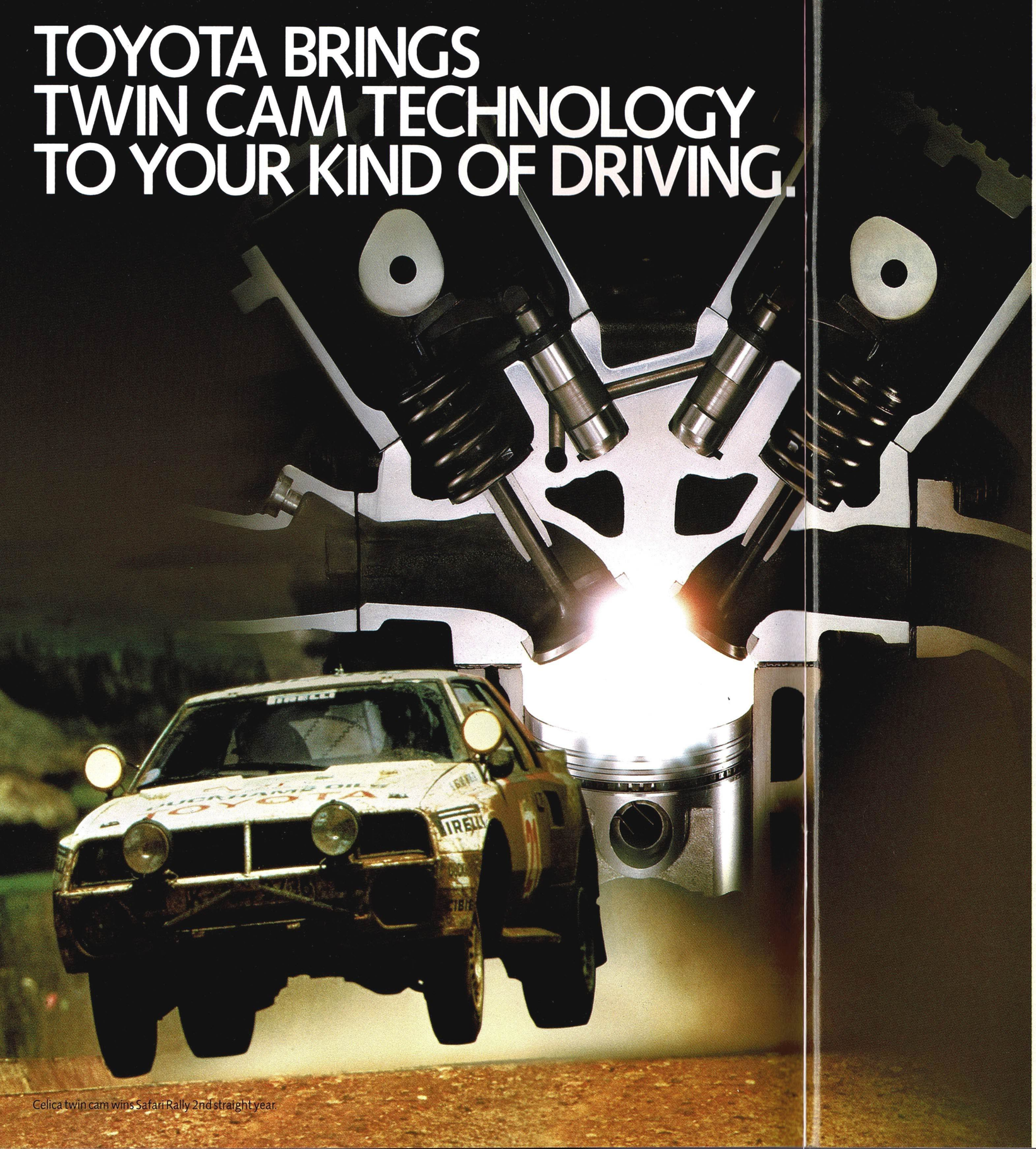
CAN SEX SURVIVE AIDS?

ECSTASY
THE NEW GOOD-TIME DRUG

THE ART OF AVOIDING RELATIONSHIPS

GOLD COAST STUNNER
SANDY

TOYOTA BRINGS TWIN CAM TECHNOLOGY TO YOUR KIND OF DRIVING.



Celica twin cam wins Safari Rally 2nd straight year.

Sunroof & rear spoiler optioned at extra cost.

World champion race and rally cars have long embodied the exotic engineering of twin cam technology. But now Toyota, capitalizing on more than 20 years of race-bred, high performance experience, puts twin cam performance into the hands of on-the-road drivers.

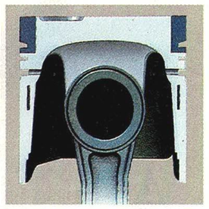
The Toyota engine in the new Celica, for example, is a twin cam masterpiece with multi-valve design. Twin cams provide ideal valve location for efficient combustion and operate valves with minimum time lag for fast response at all speeds. Two intake and exhaust valves per cylinder provide more power. Plus, air flow velocity is computer-regulated accordingly to engine speed.

It means Toyota, and only Toyota, has perfected twin cam, multi-valve engines to achieve constant torque and high economy at all engine speeds.

And Toyota doesn't limit advanced technology to passenger cars. In commercial vehicles, Toyota offers engines that feature electronic fuel injection, and such innovative engineering as fibre reinforced pistons that significantly reduce wear and maintenance.

Clearly, Toyota is making an exciting change in your everyday driving.

Oh what a feeling!



TWIN CAM

All SR engines are designed by Toyota for top performance and fuel efficiency on unleaded petrol.

TOYOTA

BEL radar detectors

Peace of mind for anyone living life in the fast lane

An appreciation for precision and performance isn't necessarily a pre-requisite for living life in the fast lane, but when it comes to buying a radar detector precision and performance are everything – after all much more than just your peace of mind depends on it!

With BEL radar detectors you can rest easy. In a comparison test of remote-mounted 'hidden' detectors *Car & Driver* cited BEL's XKR-VR as "clearly the one to buy" while in a similar test of 'portable' detectors *Road & Track* commended BEL's XKR-VI for "superior sensitivity to police radar and effective screening of pollution from other detectors" – top recommendations from two of the world's top motoring magazines.

What works overseas doesn't necessarily work in Australia though. Accordingly BEL engineers have tuned their detectors to maximise response to Australian X and K band radar giving you the ultimate in protection. And to insure your peace of mind BEL radar detectors are fitted with sophisticated filters designed to minimise false alarms – so when your BEL's alarm sounds you know there's a good reason for it.

So, if you're looking for the best in radar detection the solution is simple – BEL radar detectors. The only choice is whether you prefer the benefits of portability granted by the removable BEL XKR-VI, or whether the discrete remote-mount BEL XKR-VR (suitable for in-dash installation) is more your style.

BEL XKR-VI – The 'state-of-the-art' portable unit. Just ¾-inch high, 3⅛-inches wide and 4½-inches long, this unit comes complete with mounting equipment for either dash or sunvisor and a power plug for your cigarette lighter. The XKR-VI features a single-ridge wave-guide microwave horn for maximum detection performance, operates on 12 volt DC, draws a nominal 190mA and is suitable for operation in temperatures between -12C and +70C. Manufactured in Canada to the highest specifications the XKR-VI offers superior portable performance for just – $339*

BEL XKR-VR – The ultimate in remote detectors. The XKR-VR's antenna sits behind your vehicles radiator leaving the three-inch long warning console as the only visible evidence that you are enjoying BEL protection. Easily installed the XKR-VR offers the same precision engineering as BEL's portable unit in a discrete, secure package – $449* Trade enquiries welcome

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SIGNATURE: .....

ADDRESS: .....

P/C: ..... PB

I have enclosed cheque, money order, Bankcard no. .....

* includes postage & handling

* Not legal in Tasmania, unsuitable for SA and Qld.

PLAYBILL

Our March issue of Australian PLAYBOY is a scintillating mix of humor and hard-hitting features. It's the perfect companion for a lazy Easter break and we *know* you'll agree our breed of bunny is much more tempting than that fat rabbit with his basket of chocolate eggs.

To kick off in the laughs department, our Playboy Interview subject this month is Paul Hogan, the crown prince of Oz humor. In a whacko interview with senior contributing editor **Phil Jarratt,** Hogan spews forth on the selling of Australia, his role as our ocker ambassador, and the making of *Crocodile Dundee.*

We know you'll also get a swag of smiles out of **Susan Squire**'s *Girl Talk.* But you may end up squirming with alarm as she reveals just how frankly women prattle on to each other about their men.

Moving on to a serious bent, our *Success By Degrees?* feature ponders whether or not a university degree is the sure-fire way to fame and fortune in Australia today. **Robin Ingram** and **Seth Gregory** spoke to some of our wealthiest men to ascertain whether tertiary education or the school of hard knocks is the key to success.

Speaking of making a fast buck, some uni-trained chemists are doing very well, thank you, manufacturing the new drug of the '80s, Ecstasy, expected to hit our shores soon in a big way. Our intriguing story called just that, *Ecstasy,* explains why the drug has been called the yuppie way to knowledge. If it doesn't blow your mind, then **Scott Kennedy**'s amazing artwork will.

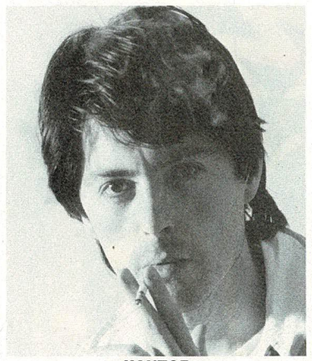
Did we mention mind-blowing? Well, there's no shortage of knockout material in March Australian PLAYBOY. Sandy Walker from Queensland's Gold Coast is our fun and sun-lovin' Playmate Of The Month. Although Sandy adores the casual lifestyle of Australia's most famous coastal strip, she admits she's looking forward to moving into the glitzy world of full-time modelling. Her *Steppin' Out* spread was photographed by **Bob Watson.**

Then we have sultry Iris Knevel who aspires to be a top jockey (and you should see *her* form), Julie McCullough whose pictorial is titled *A Perfect Jewel* 'cause we reckon she's one gem of a girl, and lovely Charlotte Jackson who confided to photographer **Michael Ancher** that her soft, cuddly looks are just a disguise for her tomboy personality. If you invited any of those adorable creatures to a party, your mind wouldn't be on the music. Unfortunately, not all guests are quite so diverting and the key to a successful party is the right blend of music. So, we suggest you tune into **Charles M. Young**'s *Scientific Principles Of The Party Tape* to find out which tracks are sure to get those bodies moving.

When music promoter Garry Van Egmond throws a party, you can bet those sultans of swing, Dire Straits, are given a good hearing. **Peter Olszewski** talks to the cool rock'n'roll entrepreneur who masterminded the sell-out Dire Straits tour of Australia. **Frants Kantor** crafted the illustration.

Imagine if you and your girlfriend were sitting by a moonlit lake when a group of big, beefy blokes approached, held you down and forced you to watch her being raped. Would you try to protect her by tackling a brute wielding a murderous tyre iron? In *Witness To Rape,* **R. Satchell** recalls such an incident and reveals that the nightmarish details of this event have haunted him ever since. **Ed Paschke** supplied the chilling artwork.

Phil Ackman's article *Ericksen: Ace Of Spies* may read like a fast-paced Le Carre or Ludlum spy thriller but this is no fictional account. Ackman has profiled Tom Ericksen, a Melbourne undercover agent who inhabits the twilight world of drug dealers, hit men and international spies. Combine all that with our monthly columns, popular Party Jokes and cartoons and you have a knockout issue on your hands. And we're sure you'll agree that March without Australian PLAYBOY is strictly for the rabbits.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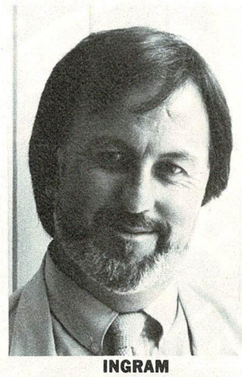
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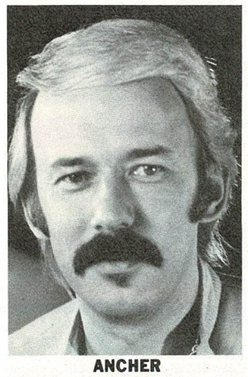
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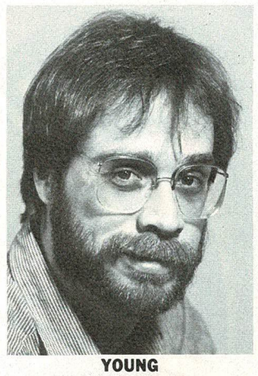
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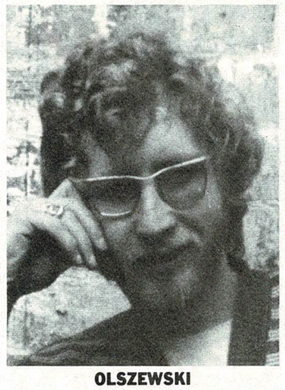
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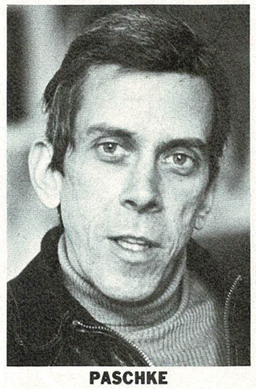
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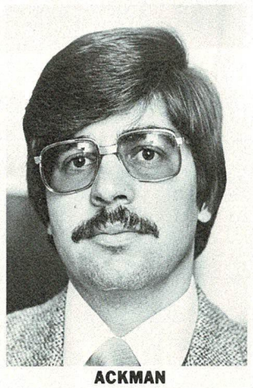
ACKMAN

SQUIRE

The Style. The Power. The Legend.

From the first time you take the wheel of the GTV 6 you will understand what performance driving is all about. With the superior levels of power and control, and a perfect balance of both, the GTV 6 redefines driving as an art. An art that we have learned from over 100 Grand Prix victories.

100 Grand Prix victories have taught us how to build a car that drives like no other. They have also taught us that a true performance car must respond to every driving situation. Instantaneously and precisely.

Every aspect of the GTV 6 was designed to put new meaning into "car as extension of self".

Our engineers have been fanatical about the levels of performance in the Alfa Romeo GTV 6.

A 2.5 litre 60° V6 all-alloy DOHC engine and L-Jetronic fuel injection deliver performance that will take you from the curb to the national speed limit in a lightning flash.

Sodium-filled exhaust valves ensure cool engine running.

A nitrided forged steel crankshaft delivers great reliability and enormous strength.

Over-sized vented front disc brakes ensure stopping that's smooth, fast and fade-resistant.

De Dion rear suspension keeps the rear driving wheels 90° to the road surface to maximise delivery of power.

The GTV 6 is not only a beautiful line. It's a functional line. Every curve, every plane, every nuance of the GTV 6 is designed to present the least possible resistance to the air. Not only have our aerodynamic experts conquered performance-robbing drag to a remarkable degree, they have also reduced resistance to cross winds.

All these engineering and design refinements result in a car that's equally at home on the highway passing Porsches or commuting to the office.

The GTV 6 is a balance of ingredients that joins you, the car and the road in a very special way.

Aerodynamic refinement is a part of it, an optimised engine is a part of it, superior weight distribution and suspension dynamics are a part of it, but the way that all these elements interact with you and respond to you is what makes the GTV 6 such a stunning car.

The GTV 6. Outright Winner of the 1982, 1983 and 1984 European Touring Car Championships.

Isn't it about time you experienced the pinnacle of motoring today?

The GTV 6. Test drive one today and experience – The Style. The Power. The Legend.

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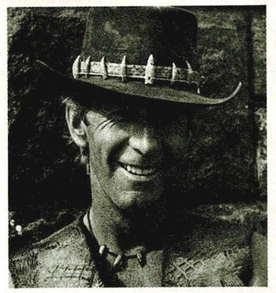

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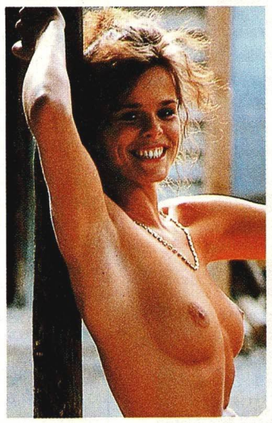

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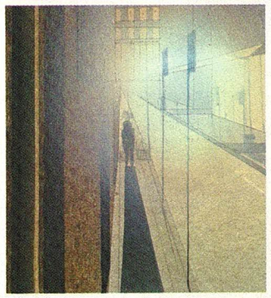

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It's your party and they'll dance if you make 'em.

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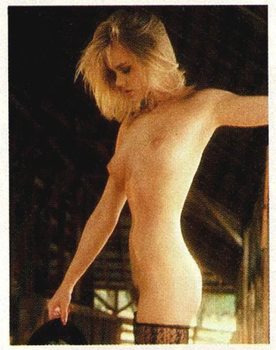

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Dire Straits promoter Garry Van Egmond proves a class act wins every time.

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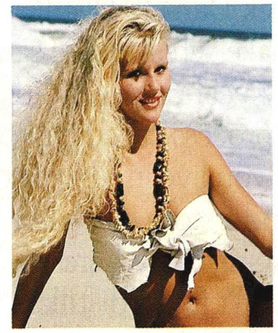

Lovely Charlotte Jackson is a tearaway tomboy at heart.

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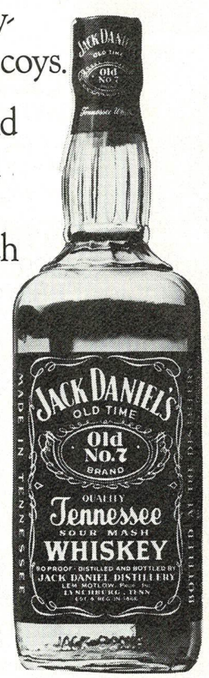
SEX
We plug into the latest happenings around the world.

AT THE LYNCHBURG HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE, you'll find everything from darning thread to duck decoys.

And, just a short walk away, you'll find Jack Daniel's Distillery, where we still make whiskey the same way we did 114 years ago: gentling every drop with a process called charcoal mellowing. If you live in a big city, you won't find a store much like Lynchburg's. No matter where you live, you won't find a distillery much like Jack Daniel's.



If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A. AB4156/85 JW1644.P289K1

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

GREAT NIGHT OUT

After reading your report on the best bars in the January issue of Australian PLAYBOY, I decided to visit the winning establishment, Sydney's Marble Bar.

I've worked as a truckie and have visited pubs all over Australia. I was a bit sceptical of your choice but I must admit that the Marble Bar is a great watering hole and really fits the description in your feature.

I was there on a Friday night with three mates and the place was really hopping. We managed to attract the attention of four fabulous females (Susan Kurosawa's advice on lining up women helped no end) and we all had a memorable night out.

Thanks, Australian PLAYBOY, for yet another great feature.

S.P. Withers,
Cronulla, NSW.

Just a quick note to say I agree with your choice of establishments in the *Australia's Best Bars* feature in January. With the exception of the Sail And Anchor in Fremantle, I've drunk at them all and they certainly fit the bill as ripper drinking spots. (My mates and I sure had a few laughs about your last call announcements! The last one is priceless!)

Kim Stanley,
Mt. Gambier, SA.

SHORT STORY BUFF

I've always admired the standard of fiction in Australian PLAYBOY and I was very excited to find that one of my favorite authors, Paul Theroux, had written a story for your January issue.

And although it's going back a few months now, I'd also like to congratulate Morris Lurie for his very succinct story, *The Letter,* in your June issue last year.

How about some more sci-fi fiction?

P.B. Foster,
Newcastle, NSW.

LAURELS FOR LINDA

Regina Wild made a stunning Miss January but I must admit I lost my heart to the amazing Linda Krijgsman who appeared on the cover of the same issue and also in a knockout pictorial.

The photography of her is excellent, too, but John Kelly would have had to really stuff it up to make Linda look less than a goddess. I'm sure you're going to be inundated by readers wanting to see more of Linda. How about it?

Jim McKay,
Townsville, Qld.

This letter won't take up much space so please print it. . . I just want to insist that you run a shot of Linda Krijgsman in the Dear Playboy page!

R. Matthews,
Strathfield, NSW.

Well, we wish we had more space on the page to devote to lovely Linda. And your predictions about our mailbag, Jim, were spot on — Ed.

TRAVELLERS BEWARE

Gareth Powell's article, *Tourist Traps,* in your January issue was not only very amusing but rang with some sobering truths. I travelled through Asia quite a bit when I was younger and I was ripped off in grand style by taxi drivers, touts and bar owners in everywhere from Yokohama to Singapore and back again. I may be older and wiser now but I still picked up a few good pointers from Powell's article.

I hope some of the younger Australian PLAYBOY readers studied his advice with care.

Geoffrey Lachlan,
Ballarat, Vic.

THE GENTLEMAN ROBBER

Even though I enjoyed reading Russell McPhedran's story about Ronnie Biggs in January PLAYBOY, I must say I object to the way this wily criminal has been exalted to superstar status. It's obvious he's using his pop singer son to make enough money to keep himself in grand old style, just as various women have supported him in the past.

I'll be looking forward to 1990 when the other Great Train Robbers get out of jail. I rather hope they'll pay Mr Biggs an unannounced visit.

C.C. Petrelli,
Armadale, Vic.

UTILITY UNDERWEAR

Your spread on see-through fashion in the January issue was a very unusual and tempting inclusion in a particularly good Australian PLAYBOY. I may be a bit old-fashioned but I like the idea of very seductive lingerie and nightdresses.

Last time I went to a department store to buy my girlfriend some sexy underwear I found myself surrounded by shelves of cotton knickers styled to look like men's jocks. Is this another manifestation of women's lib?

Anyway, thanks for a bit of full-on fantasy, PLAYBOY.

E. Bradley,
Darwin, NT.

SUPERBOWLED OVER

Everywhere I go throughout Sydney I see more and more strange uniformed creatures inhabiting inner city parks and ovals. No, I'm not hallucinating. Nor am I on the grog. They are in fact playing and practising gridiron, which up to now has remained a real mystery to me. What the hell do those guys talk about huddled in a group before every play? And what's so special about all their fancy moves and forward passes?

Having been brought up with a blinkered football perspective that has only just allowed a VFL team into Sydney, accepting the exotic world of gridiron might have been a lot tougher if it wasn't for your magazine's article in January. I feel as if I've lived with the game for years, and now that it's a regular item on the telly, we can see the game's greats in action.

If more Australian magazines were willing to cover international stories, maybe this country would be a little less jingoistic when it comes to sport. Keep up the good work. It all goes to broadening our outlooks, and that can't be half bad, I reckon.

Harry Wells,
Bondi Junction, NSW.

Write to us! Send your letters to the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12 month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

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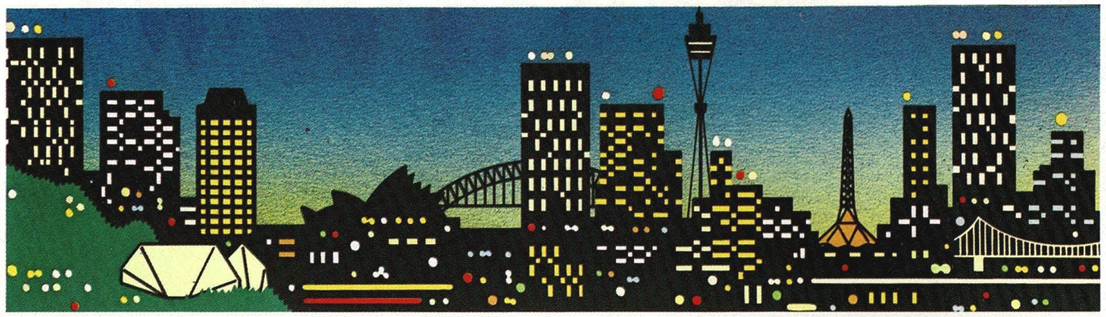
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



HARD SLOG

We've all had our fill of Australia Post disputes recently but it seems that things are even worse in the States. The US Postal Service has filed charges after discovering that one of its carriers had 4514 pieces of undelivered mail in his apartment.

It wasn't the snow, the rain or the gloom of night that kept this bloke from his appointed rounds. It was his sore feet. Most of the pieces were dated circulars, the postal officials admitted. And the Service hadn't received a single complaint.

WORLD'S CHEAPEST EATS

There's no guarantee that this little gem is still going to be in business by the time you want to go there, but we noticed the *Guinness Book Of Records* claims that the cheapest meal is in (of all places) Paris.

At Casa Miguel (48 rue St Georges, near Montmartre), for five francs (around $1) each, 32 people can dine on three courses; a bottle of wine and a basket of baguettes are provided for every four diners to divide as they see fit. The food is wholesome and homely — sausage and beans or macaroni with meat, and fruit and cheese for dessert.

Madame Maria Codina, the proprietor (and everything else), sums up her philosophy in a sign that hangs in the window: "Eat more, eat better, save money." We'll drink to that.

CHUNDERTORIUMS?

According to the Sydney Cricket and Sports Ground Trust, several vomitories are to be built as part of the proposed $55 million Sydney Sports Ground development program.

How very thoughtful, you may muse. A special place set aside for the inevitable after-effects of a few too many pies and schooners. These good sports really have thought of everything.

Wrong. A vomitory is not a chundertorium. It's a Latin word meaning "a large corridor under the seats in an auditorium". The Americans use the word to refer to stairways in an auditorium.

Our final word on the matter is simply to watch where you put your feet at the new complex! And let's hope they don't put up a sign.

FIRST CLASS

Members of the World Resources Ratings Unit, a group of concerned scientists visiting East Africa recently on a goodwill food and conservation fact-finding mission, were surprised to find that their return flight had been overbooked and that three other sets of passengers were waiting.

Four hours after they were due to leave, a plane landed at Fyna Airstrip carrying Major-General Isaac Bugambe and his staff. In response to complaints, the general lined up all the waiting passengers on the runway and announced that those who came first in a four-circuit race around his aircraft would qualify for any spare seats. He started them off with a pistol shot.

We got this story because the WRRU scientists were easy winners, and were willing to brag a bit about their athletic prowess. Unfortunately, it could be the next step in this new era of no-frills air services.

KISS OF DEATH

A party given by the municipal lifesavers of New Orleans to celebrate their first drowning-free season in living memory was marred by the discovery that Mr Jerome Moody, a guest, had drowned after falling into the pool around which 200 burly heroes were toasting their success.

WINNING STREAK

In answer to the question, "Why did you get a divorce?", Mrs Wilma Davis, a guest in a nightclub quiz game, said, "I was at a charity ball in Perth and first prize in the raffle was a free divorce. I won and thought I might as well take up the offer."

COMPUTER SLEAZE

Those of you who are aware of the more kinky possibilities of computers will be pleased to learn that several Japanese porno programs are now available (strictly under the counter, of course) in Australia. The most popular is *Lolita Motel* in which the player is a handyman in a hostel full of nubile lovelies. You are invited into their rooms to work on fittings that have got stuck, as it were.

Another big seller is *Saturday Night In Shinjuku*, which has the lucky player trying to seduce a young lady he meets in Tokyo one night. Getting the right answer means you move to the next stage with a small divestment of clothing. Getting it wrong makes the computer let forth an almighty noise, rather like a full-blooded belch.

SHIT STIRRING

You all know what (yawn) chain letters are about. Well, the following variation on the breathless chain letter concept showed up at our office recently: "This letter is being sent to you because we know you are critically interested in your front lawn. We think you should join the fertiliser club which will not cost you a cent. This is what you do. Upon receipt of this letter, go to the address at the top of the attached list and shit on the front lawn. You will not be the only one there so please don't feel embarrassed.

"Then make five copies of this letter, add your own name and address to the bottom of the list, and post copies to your friends who appreciate a good lawn. You will not get any money but, within two weeks, if this chain is not broken, there will be 9216 people shitting on your front lawn. Your reward will come next year when you'll have the greenest lawn in the neighborhood."

We won't bore you with the list of participants (R. Sole, Iva Bigturd and suchlike) but you may be amused by the *important* note at the close of the letter: "Do not break this chain. One man didn't give a shit and lost his entire lawn!"

BUNNY BUSINESS

One of our spies visited England recently and came across a novel sign outside a butcher's shop. The owner was obviously having trouble shifting his stock of rabbits. The blackboard read: "Watership Down. . . you've read the book, you've seen the film. . . now eat the cast!"

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NAVIGATOR

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BOOZE

If you're going to drink port, make sure it's not the sort that's best hidden in a brown paper bag.

I don't care what the other bastards say," the winery owner stated with more than a little firmness. "Almost all of the money-making trade these days is in bulk whether they like to admit it or not. The fancy end of the market doesn't even pay the rent. Bulk's the thing, and we're not ashamed to admit it."

The gentleman in question, who shall be nameless, was in a particularly aggressive mood. The tirade he had directed at me had been caused by my request for a bottle of quality red wine and another of a good, dry tawny port of at least some moderate pedigree. He sold me both, but it was quite obvious that he regarded so-called "quality" wines with contempt, although he had made both. His dislike for his own product turned out to be justified, I might add. Both wines were appalling.

In the wine area in question, this particular winemaker-grower is regarded with horror by people who claim to know a drop of the decent stuff when they see it. He, it is said, goes in for the very rough bulk trade indeed, and the *bulk* he constantly referred to during our conversation was not cask dry red or white but fortified wine, variously labelled sherry, port, muscat, marsala and vermouth.

And it wasn't even in containers. Mostly it was contained in large wooden barrels with taps. One assumed that if the need arose one could roll up at the underground cellar with an old-fashioned four gallon kerosene tin and he'd fill it for you without any snotty comment whatsoever. After all you'd be a *real* customer, one who did actually help pay the rent.

Although this small winemaker was being defensively, honestly aggressive about the whole sordid business, it is a known fact that ruby port and brown muscat have *always* paid the rent for most of Australia's biggest wine companies. They just don't like to talk about it, that's all. While raking in the money they have been attempting to pretend that those figures slumped on park benches with bottles in brown paper are none of their affair.

White wine, bulk or otherwise, is by far and away the biggest-selling product of the grape in Australia at present. Sparkling wine — and mostly the artificially carbonated type at that — is the biggest growth market. As for the heavier stuff, fortifieds slightly pip reds in the monthly sales tallies.

Let me take that pretty much one-sided conversation with my nameless winemaker one stage further. He offered me a taste of some of his truly appalling port wines. As I only wanted a bottle of one of his least harmful offerings to put up in a marinade for a leg of kangaroo and to fix up some kidneys in port wine sauce, I kept quiet. But even then he wouldn't shut up.

After I had made my choice he said, "Yes, I thought you'd like that one. We put a really good brandy into that one and you can taste the quality, can't you?" I didn't have the courage to say what I really thought; he was, after all, large, young and very fit. But I did think to myself, if that's quality material, what in God's name does he put into the crappy stuff that you can buy by the tin?

All fortified ports and muscats are made by adding grape spirit to red wines of varying quality. It is like any other product. If you put crap in at one end you'll get crap out the other. Like sausages, to use an analogy, there is a lot of room for the unscrupulous to manoeuvre to the disadvantage of the customer.

SCOTT KENNEDY

I don't quite know how all this is leading up to an appeal to all of you out there to have a go at some fortified wines, but it is. Truly.

However, I do hope that you will keep firmly in mind the visions of bulk markets and bottles in brown paper bags when you gaze at your next retail outlet. And speaking of retail outlets, at my local discount liquor store there is what I call "The Wall Of Death". It is a wall of fortifieds encased mainly in plastic 2.5 litre tubs. The owner of this shop is not as aggressively defensive as my winemaker, but his reply to me is constant: "That Wall Of Death, as you call it, is the section of this liquor shop that makes the profits for us, more so than beer or anything else. And the cheaper it is the better it sells. I'd go broke on your tastes, and I'd go broke on mine as well. . ."

Now, assuming you want to try a range of Australian fortified dessert wines, quite obviously the first thing to be considered is a base price. Given the rise in basic costs plus the usual hysteria about "fortifieds for investment" articles being constantly run in the various financial newspapers and magazines, you really should not consider buying anything (on a non-discount basis, that is) under about $7 for a 750ml bottle. And even then you are buying at the cheap end of the scale.

Of all the ports made by the large companies, Seppelts Para has become so much of an institution that criticising it is like spitting on the flag. And I must admit that the true fortified wine fancier should have at least one bottle of it inside him before he dies. I was given one *glass* of a '52 vintage a few months back and I was humbly grateful. And it was delicious. . . forget all that crap about nose, taste, back of the palate and so on. Delicious covers them all.

Possibly the next most sought after is Yalumba's Galway Pipe, which also is excellent. And then for the slightly lunatic come a whole series of "rummy" ports, so called because they have been matured in old West Indian rum barrels (or at least were until the chemical revolution changed all that). The original and best known is Craigmore's Rummy Port, from the Mudgee region of NSW, but there are now many imitators. That winery has changed hands so many times since the rum port was first made (truth has it that the rum barrels were the only ones the original owner, Adam Roth, could afford to put his maturing fortifieds in) that it is impossible to tell what it should have tasted like in the first place. I am not an admirer of this style of port wine.

However, for fortified wines in general, the Victorian region of Rutherglen stands supreme. I happen to prefer almost anything from W.H. Chambers & Sons' "Rosewood" fortifieds, but Campbell's, Buller's and Brown's are not to be sneezed at. Just remember the word Rutherglen, which all wineries of that region emphasise.

The Barossa Valley of South Australia also has some interesting dessert fortifieds tucked away, if you search for them.

Just remember if you can get a good one it will be a brown paper bag that you can carry home with pride. But don't stop on a park bench to sample the product.

— RICHARD BECKETT

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YOU'LL FANCY A DROP
OF THE 'ROYAL'.

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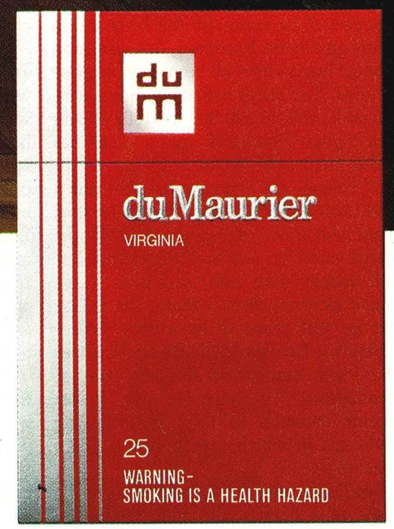

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MONEY

You can get a real kick out of owning a racehorse. Just don't get saddled with a no-good nag.

When the horses thunder toward the finish line at Flemington, Eagle Farm or Randwick, pulses quicken and shouts fill the air. Have you ever tried to imagine the feelings experienced by the owners as their powerful steeds round the final turn and head for home? Have *you* ever wanted to be an owner? Well, don't despair. Owning a fine racehorse is not cheap, but it's not completely out of reach either.

First, let's get clear exactly what kind of horses we are talking about. There is no money to be made in the average glue-factory rejects roaming suburban paddocks. Only two types of horses are suitable for investment: show horses and racehorses. As their name suggests, show horses are prized for their beauty and obedience. Their value is determined by the quality of their performance at local, regional and national competitions. Racehorses can also be divided into two types: harness racers (trotters and pacers) and thoroughbred gallopers. Money can be made by investing in all of these, but the big bucks come primarily from thoroughbreds.

Most people associate thoroughbreds with racehorses. These sleek animals trace their ancestry back to 17th century England, when domestic and Middle Eastern strains were first crossed. Breeding was so carefully controlled that all thoroughbreds are descendants of only three stallions.

Although Australian and New Zealand prices are low by overseas standards, they have been rising rapidly in recent years. At least part of the reason for this is the influx of foreign buyers. European, American and Arabian buyers have all been attending our auctions. The result is that yearlings (one-year-olds) sell for $20,000 to $100,000 and even higher. Robert Holmes a Court has paid as much as $825,000.

Of course, not everyone has that much spare cash. And even those who do hesitate to put it all into a single horse. After all, the animal could get sick and die taking all of your money with him, and even if the animal survives, there is always the chance that he will prove to be a poor runner (Holmes a Court's $825,000 horse, Paint The Stars, ran last in his only start at Flemington). To share the risk, it has become common to form horse-buying syndicates in which several people share ownership.

Syndicates may be formed at different stages of a horse's life. For example, a stallion syndicate generally buys a horse after its racing career has ended, the purpose being to cash in on its value by collecting stud fees. For a horse with a good record of wins, these can amount to thousands of dollars per mare. Because stud fees are so high, many breeders buy into racing syndicates just to make sure that their mares will be "covered". If the stallion's offspring race well, the value of the syndicate's shares will rise, but the shares could just as easily become worthless if the offspring turn out poorly or if the stallion finds it difficult to meet his sexual obligations (as many do).

Broodmare syndicates are similar to stallion syndicates. The idea is to breed the mare with a good stallion and then sell the yearlings. If they race well, shares in the syndicate will appreciate.

Investors in stallion and broodmare syndicates are generally advised to invest in the highest quality bloodstock they can afford. The market is overloaded with nags whose offspring will amount to nothing. But horse-breeding is hardly an exact science and no one can guarantee that even the mating of two champions will produce a great horse. Many well-known performers have proven to be failures as sires or broodmares. In contrast, ordinary horses have produced champion offspring.

MARK TREMLETT

Some syndicates are concerned, not with breeding, but with racing. If its horses do well, the syndicate shares the prizes and can then sell the horse to a breeding syndicate or do its own breeding. Under the new tax arrangements, any money made selling one's shares is likely to be treated as a capital gain. This means that owners may be able to deduct depreciation and the contribution of inflation from their profits.

It is possible to make very large profits from racehorses. For example, Kiwi, winner of the 1983 Melbourne Cup, was purchased for only $1000 in New Zealand. Its owner, Anne Lupton, picked it out because, among other reasons, she liked its color! The horse's winnings from the Melbourne Cup alone were $267,000.

Unfortunately, those who invest in racehorses must also be prepared to lose everything. Robert Sangster paid $420,000 for a horse that then died after a race in 1984. Any horse can become sick and those who remain healthy must be cared for and fed. And that's not all. Horses have to be "drenched" (their nostrils must be washed with antiseptic fluid, their hoofs trimmed and their coats brushed). If the members of the syndicate don't want to do these things themselves, they will have to pay someone to do them. And the costs can mount up. In addition to whatever the horse costs (and the one-time auctioneer's fee — say $700), you and your fellow syndicate members can expect to be up for $150 per week. This cost includes insurance, agistment (board and lodging for horses), drenching, hoof trim and care, and all the other requirements of a thoroughbred. The maintenance costs involved in owning horses once led showman Billy Rose to give a friend the following investment advice: "Never," he said, "invest in anything that eats or needs grooming."

And then there are the problems associated with any syndicated investment: crooked partners, poorly worded contracts and plain bad luck. You can minimise these risks by reading all contracts carefully, asking lots of questions and refusing to sign any agreement until it has been read by a lawyer familiar with the horse business. Look out for any deals in which the organiser (the general partner) charges very high management fees or in which he makes his profit up front while the other partners must wait for theirs. Also, make sure that the price the syndicate is paying for the horse is fully disclosed, and the same goes for stud fees where these are relevant.

Of course, not all of the benefits of horse ownership can be measured in dollars and cents. When you invest in a film, you may receive a profit but you must buy your own tickets to see it on opening night. Racehorse owners, on the other hand, are usually permitted to enter the course through separate gates, sit in special areas and park in reserved areas — just like Russ Hinze. — SETH GREGORY

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WARNING-SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

MEN

Watch out! A woman seeking a permanent relationship is as easy to shrug aside as a Sherman tank.

As you may have noticed, Australian men have recently reached the status of an endangered species. Not only do women now form the majority of our population, they are a clear majority in the marriageable ages from 16 to 45. In other words, there aren't enough men to go around.

And the modern woman seeking a permanent relationship is a formidable proposition. All those assertiveness training classes and group therapy have made them as easy to shrug aside as a Sherman tank — and about as subtle! These days, it's women who are clubbing men behind the ears and dragging them off to their caves.

Many men, on the other hand, don't feel ready for a permanent relationship. Perhaps they're too young to settle down at the tender age of 38. Or they may want to gain a bit of sexual experience, so they can tell whether that feverish light-headedness means they've found their true love or picked up a new strain of gonorrhoea.

Unfortunately, many of the standard lines we have used to avoid relationships for years don't work any more. Lines such as "I'm not ready for that sort of commitment," will be met by "Who's talking about commitment? I was only talking about marriage."

Yes, things are certainly trickier in the '80s. All the old rules have gone out the window and it's partly our fault.

We used to be quite blatant about what we wanted. We wanted sex, and we weren't afraid to come across like Sean Connery to get it. These days, in the hope of getting laid, we have trained ourselves to be caring, considerate, loving souls. And that's where the trouble starts.

Typically, what happens is this. You're in bed with a new woman. You've just given her five orgasms, a body massage and a workout that would leave Jane Fonda gasping for breath, and now you're lying in bed with your arms around her swapping intimate secrets. Suddenly it happens. She whispers lovingly into your ear: "I've never met a man as understanding as you, Nick — I'd really like to spend some time with you."

"Like the rest of my life," you think, trembling. A shiver of fear trickles down your spine. You curse yourself for giving her that last orgasm — four is more than sufficient to prove you're a New Man.

Now is the critical time. If you panic, and run screaming down the street, several things could happen:
(i) you'll be arrested for indecent exposure;
(ii) you'll get the flu and end up bedridden for a month — with your woman force-feeding you love and attention;
(iii) she will give chase.

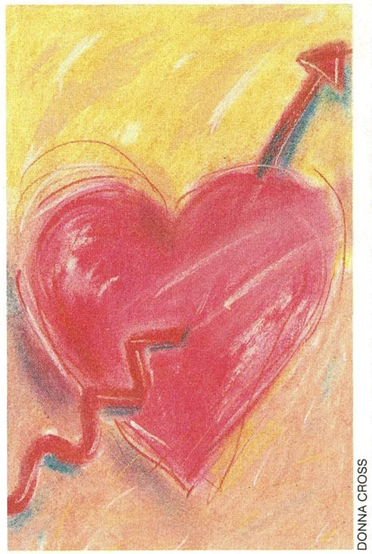
And you want to avoid the woman giving chase. Women like chasing. They're good at it, and they've been taught how to do it all their lives. If you try to make a run for it, you're dead.

What you have to do is persuade her to call off the chase. There are various suitable approaches here. A favorite is to use the Promiscuity Defence. The moment you go out with a woman whom you like enough to spend some time with, you immediately strike up similar relationships with three more women.

Then you casually let them all know that they are not the sole objects of your attention:

JILL: "I've never known a man who's so *caring*."

JACK: "Funny — that's exactly what Karen, Marsha and Jane said to me last week!"



DONNA CROSS

However, a word of caution. Modern women are very competitive, and they've been trained at vast government expense not to give up easily. Chances are, your woman will fight with your other girlfriends for the glorious prize — *you*. These border disputes can get extremely unpleasant — fist-fights in restaurants, angry shouts in theatres and all manner of embarrassing scenes. And if one of these ladies should emerge a clear winner over the pack, God help you! Another way of avoiding relationships is to pretend to be a raving chauvinist. Now we know that every man alive has had all his piggish behavior knocked out of him.

But with a little effort you should be able to remember what you were like way back in the dark ages before the women's movement got under way.

Practise for a while on passers-by and shop assistants, then launch an attack on your beloved:

JACK: "Why don't you live with me, Jill?"

JILL: "Do you *really* want me to?"

JACK: "Sure I do. I need someone to look after me. I can't get into the laundry for dirty washing. I've been wearing the same pair of socks for the past three weeks. And the neighbors are starting to complain about the smell coming from the oven. What are you like at cooking?"

If that fails, you may have to be more direct and act like a Real Bastard. This is a method that has fallen out of favor since certain women's groups declared open season on real bastards but, in an emergency (such as if your lover starts humming the Wedding March in the shower) it can be very useful.

Wait for a suitable moment (such as when you are discussing your possible engagement over a candle-lit dinner).

JACK: "I'm so glad I met you, Jill — you've got the best tits I've ever known!"

JILL: *(Slightly taken aback)* "I thought you loved me for my mind?"

Jack reaches over and absent-mindedly fondles Jill's breast.

JACK: "Oh sure, baby, you're mind's really cute, too."

A few more incidents in a similar vein and your woman will be convinced that you only want her for *one thing*, and she will start to look for more promising partners.

Tiring of this constant grind of having to be promiscuous all the time, or acting like a chauvinist and a bastard, some men have concluded that the best way of avoiding relationships is to keep away from women entirely.

But you have to be very strong willed to stay away from women altogether. They have a way of creeping up on you when you least expect it, such as when you are watching the cricket.

You're living your own life with nothing to fear, defences down, when boom! One morning you wake up to find a beautiful woman next to you, and you realise she's shared your bed for the past three months. Then you remember it's not your bed at all, it's hers. She earns three times your salary and owns a house in the suburbs. You've taken to staying there because you'd rather watch the cricket in color on her television.

And you suddenly realise as you walk into the kitchen to put a croissant into the microwave and the percolator on the stove, you're in a relationship.

You poor bastard! —MARK POOLE

WOMEN

Don't be alarmed if once a month she sobs, shouts and tries to stab you. She's just got the PMTs.

I was curled up on the sofa and Rita was settled into a nearby armchair; we were watching *Country* on video. Sam Shepard and Jessica Lange's oldest child had just been buried alive under several tonnes of grain, courtesy of a tornado.

"What's going to happen?" I cried. "I can't stand it! Does he die?"

Rita scrutinised me closely. "I'm only telling you this because you have PMT," she said. "No, he doesn't die. He'll be fine."

"Oh, thank God," I said, the tears welling up in my eyes, "that poor little boy."

"I really think," said Rita, "that there should be close-captioned TV for PMT-sufferers. It would say things like 'Have a good cry, girls, they lose the farm,' or 'It's only a movie, in real life those two are cosily in Santa Fe, tossing money in the air,' or even 'Turn off this film immediately, you can't possibly cope.' "

"They lose the farm?" I yelped. "Oh, no!"

Now, as we all know, *Country* is a dull, plodding, mildly depressing movie. In the normal state of things, I would have clicked it off without a tremor. But PMT is a mighty master. Once under its spell, a woman turns to jellied anguish.

PMT: Pre-Menstrual Tension. It begins at some point following ovulation, and stops at the onset of menstruation. When fertilisation doesn't occur, it seems that the female body decides "what the hell," and drastically reduces the production of progesterone. Progesterone is a rampantly domestic hormone, whose prime purpose is to ready and maintain the body for pregnancy. When it doesn't get what it wants, it slinks off in disgust.

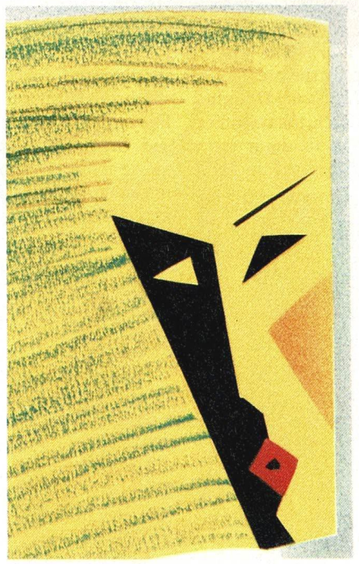
Whereas estrogen, the other main female hormone, takes the longer, more optimistic view. If the egg isn't fertilised, estrogen steps up production, revving up the female sex drive and fine tuning all the primary and secondary sex characteristics, in the hopes that next month will be different, that the female in question will finally see the light and get her egg fertilised the way God intended her to.

All these hormonal pyrotechnics play havoc with the female psyche. She frets. She cries. She falls into nameless furies. She realises that there is no reason to live. She becomes convinced that she is hideously unattractive. Her body is having a mammoth temper tantrum because yet again it is not going to have a baby, and she is helplessly in its thrall.

All that fuss over a couple of silly little hormones, you feel? What's the big deal, you ask yourself? Please rethink. Without hormones, a man would never get a hard-on. He would have no chest or pubic hair and his voice would have the timbre of Jeanne Little's. His muscles would be minuscule, he would never have to shave. Without hormones, a man wouldn't even care who won the test series.

Want to see hormones *really* in action? Go visit a woman in the throes of post-natal depression. We all know that the birth of a baby should bring on euphoria in every parent's life, but a woman who has just produced an infant is a miasma of hormonal havoc. After the birth of my beloved son, I was suicidal for six weeks. My mood was blacker than any abyss. Monsters plagued my dreams. I was either crying bucketfuls or staring catatonically off into space. Thank you for nothing, hormones.

Next to post-natal depression, PMT is a day at the beach. But it can still get appallingly ugly. Here is a partial list of PMT-induced symptoms: depression, violent impulses, migraine, feelings of panic, fainting, epilepsy or seizures, blind spots, acne, itching, crying jags, bloating, styes, sore throat, cystitis, urethritis, food cravings, vomiting, and hives. In the United Kingdom, PMT is a justifiable defence for murder.



Random samplings of women on the street have this to say about PMT:

Jennifer T., real-estate broker: "I just walk around with tears in my eyes and I think I might as well die since it is impossible for me to ever come to terms with this world."

Emily P., magazine columnist: "Of course I get it, sometimes even to violent extremes. I think it's a bitch that it doesn't happen to men, although they have their mood swings too, like maybe every two days when their sperm count gets too high. I often feel a sense of loss. I think it's the body expressing hatred toward men who don't fuck you and give you children."

Maggie W., actress: "The English have the right idea: it's jolly sensible to acquit a PMT-sufferer for a violent crime. I myself have been known to walk down the street, wanting to stab people in the eye. And I make such dreadful errors in taste! Of course I want chocolate constantly."

Lynn G., television producer: "It's the curse of my life. Once a month I wake up and have a horrible personality. I'm astonished that I've walked around so long in ignorant bliss, and that people actually talk to me without vomiting."

How can you, a man and a non-PMT sufferer, help your loved one through this difficult time? How can you get through it with life and limb intact? Here are a few handy tips to help you along:
(i) Make yourself a little chart. On the average, PMT starts about a week before a woman gets her period, although it can be more like two weeks. Forewarned is forearmed. If your girlfriend bursts into racking sobs, screams, "You've never loved me, not ever!", then runs into the bedroom and slams the door, and you happen to know it is *that* time of the month, then you can simply bring her a cup of Milo, a plateful of biscuits, and several Cherry Ripes as soon as you hear the sobbing subside.
(ii) Offer her sex at every available opportunity. Masters and Johnson, that dynamic duo, have demonstrated that women are more easily and powerfully aroused while experiencing PMT. It has also been duly noted that orgasm is amazingly helpful in warding off many of the uglier symptoms. It's an ugly job, but someone has to do it. Why not you?
(iii) Try to help with her diet. She should eat little snacks constantly to keep her blood sugar up, she should take vitamins. But should she grab the salt shaker from your hand and hurl the vitamins out the window, just make soothing, tender noises and duck.
(iv) This is not the time to say "Darling, don't you think your clothes would look better on you if you lost a few kilos?" or "Myrtle, I've been thinking. You know I'm fond of you, but I feel that each of us would be happier if we had a little more space."
(v) When in doubt, tell her you love her madly, that she is an uncanny combination of Mother Theresa and Marilyn Monroe. —CYNTHIA HEIMEL

SHOWBIZ

Gandhi man Attenborough kicks up his heels in A Chorus Line, but India's still big on the box.

FAME AT LAST: For 10 years one show has packed out Broadway and thrilled audiences around the world. Finally *A Chorus Line* has made it to the cinema screen, produced by the same **Feuer and Martin** who got knocked back when they offered $150,000 for the screen rights even before the original show had its less than glittering opening night at the little known Public Theatre, New York. The final price tag, when Universal sold the rights to Polygram in 1980, was US$7.8m. In the meantime there have been numerous successful attempts to copy the idea, including *Fame* and *Flashdance,* and these, in turn, have influenced the way the final movie version has turned out. The man they got to direct it, the man they always wanted, was **Sir Richard Attenborough,** not just for his proven track record with a big subject *(Gandhi)* but also for his experience with a big musical *(Oh What A Lovely War).* The cast of unknowns is beefed up by the presence of **Michael** *(Romancing The Stone)* **Douglas,** who wanted the part of Zach, the tyrannical producer, badly enough to do it for a minuscule amount and insisted on being

Val (Audrey Landers) shows "Tits'n'Ass" for the rest of the chorus line.

billed alphabetically with the other 19 featured players. *A Chorus Line* lacks the obvious strength of a strong narrative line like *Fame,* but may well be one of the big hits of '86 for its blend of movement, color and emotion.

•

ALL NIGHT LONG: The man who made a box-office smash out of telling you what it was like to be *An Officer And A Gentleman* in the good old US of A, **Taylor Hackford,** has now come up with *White Nights,* a thriller about a Russian defector who finds himself cut off from the warmth of Uncle Sam's protection when his plane crashes in Siberia. The twist is that a real-life Russian defector, world famous ballet dancer **Mikhail Baryshnikov,** has been cast in the role and, for even greater authenticity, the heart-stopping plane crash was faked up at a very believable Siberian airfield — at Macrihanish in the north of Scotland! Great soundtrack music by **Lionel Richie, Phil Collins** and a cast of thousands.

•

REELING AND ROCKING: Due this year, **David Byrne**'s debut as the director of *True Stories,* with soundtrack by **Talking Heads.** After the film is launched the band will go on tour for the first time in three years. . . Cameras are rolling in London, too, on a movie biography of the late lamented **Sid Vicious,** who met a dramatic and gory end. . . **Bob Geldof** hoping for approvals from all the artists involved in *Live Aid* regarding movie rights. Geldof says at least 60 percent of the performers have indicated they would like to see a film version released. "It's a hold-your-breath situation now," he says. . . An hour-long **Julian Lennon** video should be available shortly, with concert footage, interviews and behind-the-scenes material . . .**Glenn Frey** may be starring with **Robert Duvall** and **Gary Busey** in *Let's Get Harry,* a movie about two brothers who team up to rescue a third from political terrorists. . . As well as his film bio of **Little Richard, Michael Jackson** is also hoping to produce an animated feature called *Strawberry Fields.* He didn't buy up the **Beatles** catalogue for nothing. . .

•

FAST TRACKS: Roger Daltrey and **Pete Townshend** are collaborating on a new album, written by Townshend, but *not* under **The Who**'s name. . . and soon, a new album from the **Everly Brothers,** produced by **Dave Edmunds**. . . One for **Led Zeppelin** trivia freaks: long-departed drummer **John Bonham's** sister **Debbie** has a new album out, *For You And The Moon,* which shows she isn't simply riding on her brother's shirt-tails. She's taken a heap of advice from Led Zep's singer **Robert Plant,** cultivated her voice and stuck to straight-down-the-line rock'n' roll. . . top Aussie talent **Joe Camilleri**'s band **The Black Sorrows** have put together an album of great cajun music, *A Place In The World.* Always willing to try something a little different, Joe has extensively used the piano accordion sound that distinguishes **Los Lobos** and Irish band **The Pogues.** Don't expect any giant hits off the album, but the music is still among the most accomplished Oz-made outside the pop arena in the past year.

•

MORE JEWELS IN THE TV CROWN: The West's obsession with India shows no signs of abating. Attenborough's *Gandhi* opened the floodgates for the TV epic *Jewel In The Crown* and **David Lean**'s *A Passage To India;* now comes another TV blockbuster, *Mountbatten — The Last Viceroy,* with **Nicol Williamson** playing the man murdered by the IRA. Also in the pipeline from the Nine Network is the mini-series based on one of the big literary hits of last year, **Bert Facey**'s *A Fortunate Life,* the autobiography of an ordinary Australian who survived Gallipoli and the Depression. And Nine will also screen PBL's production of *The Great Bookie Robbery,* a six-part series dramatising the sensational raid on the Melbourne Club, when a gang relieved bookies cashing up of several million dollars which was never traced.

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

capsule close-ups of current movies

Bliss Surprise Australian hit of the decade. Pity it's not more coherent. . . and shorter.

Burke And Wills Not as bad as *Wills And Burke,* but half an hour longer and $10m dearer. Labored and messy.

D.A.R.Y.L. Little boy lost turns out to be a computer with feelings.

Explorers Joe Dante repeats his Gremlins smash with fun space spoof. Why do the kids get all the goodies?

The Goonies Kids, crooks, caves and pirate treasure from Spielberg. The big family movie of '86.

Jagged Edge Did Jeff Bridges hack his wife to death? Lady lawyer Glenn Close sure hopes not. Good cliffhanger.

Legend Ridley *(Alien)* Scott's fairy tale is visually dramatic but bombs out on plot.

Plenty More than enough of Meryl Streep as self-destructive ex-war hero. Relieved by Tracey Ullman.

Prizzi's Honor Jack Nicholson and Kathleen Turner in a smashing mafia flick from John Huston.

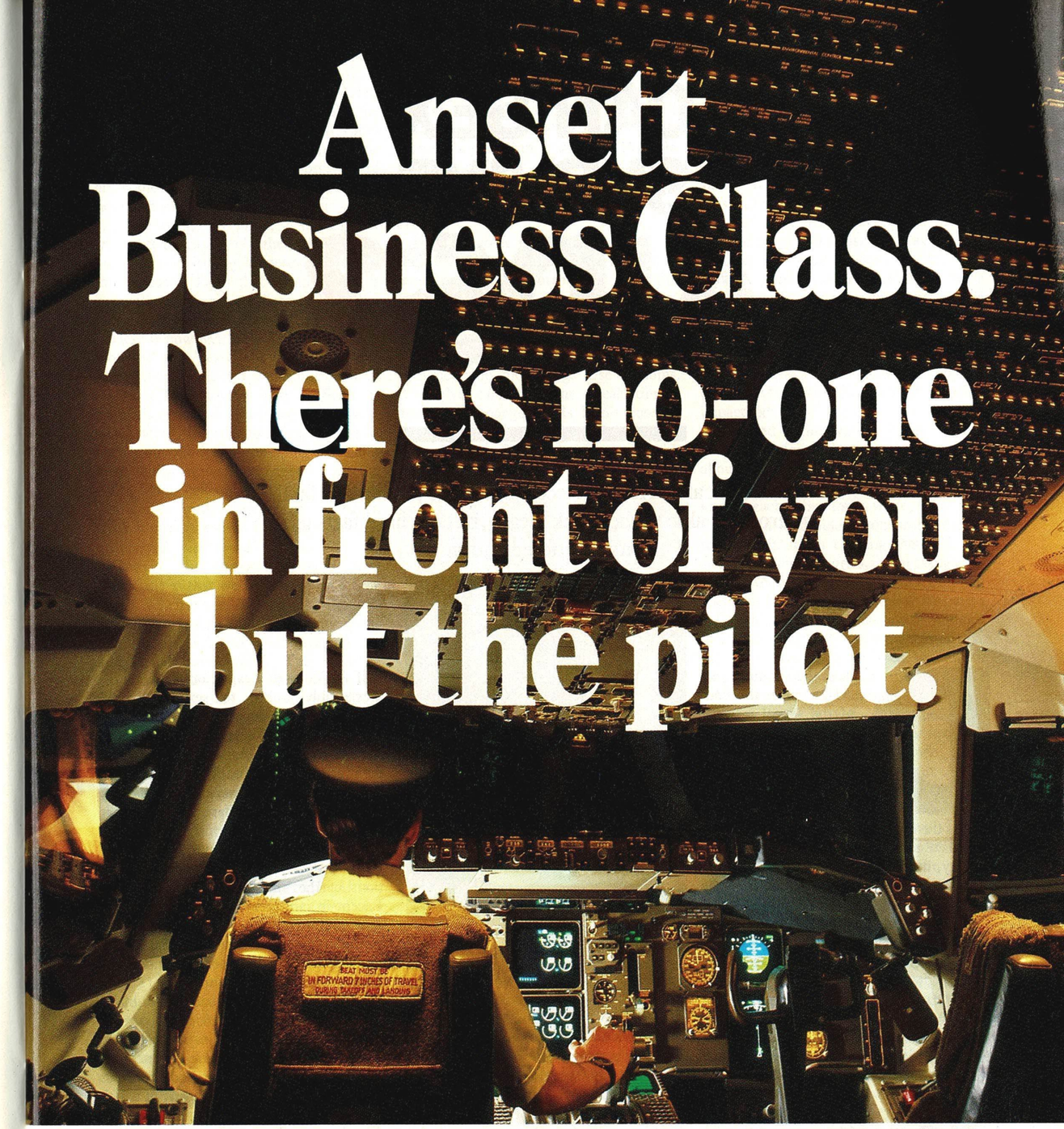
Silverado All-star Western from Lawrence Kazdan holds up well until showdown but lacks atmosphere.

Summer Rental Good-natured fun at the beach with the family, but basically just a string of jokes.

A View To A Kill Wrinkled Roger is Bond yet again, with Grace Jones for novelty value.

Year Of The Dragon Tough cop Mickey Rourke fights Chinese gangs for control of NY streets. Gory.

Young Sherlock Holmes Murder and mayhem at school with superb Spielbergian special effects.



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CAN SEX SURVIVE AIDS?

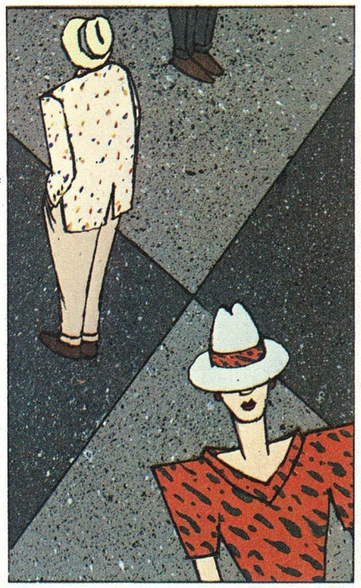
Is there sex after AIDS? According to the media, this fatal syndrome is akin to the Black Death, but the hard facts tell a rather different story.

Does the coming of AIDS mean the end of the sexual revolution? As editorial director of this magazine, I've been asked that question often lately. Let's begin with part of the answer. The best-kept secret of the AIDS terror is the fact that if you are a healthy, heterosexual male and you don't take intravenous drugs or have sex with prostitutes, there aren't enough zeros on your pocket calculator to indicate the chance of your catching AIDS.

That doesn't mean we don't take AIDS seriously; we do. The possibility that sex — joyous, clumsy, laughable and reckless sex — has been twisted into what doctors call a "vehicle for transmission of terminal illness" is terrifying. But it is not as terrifying as we have been led to believe.

It's been said that the biggest health problem in the country right now is fear of AIDS. The second-biggest problem is ignorance about AIDS.

It's no surprise that the Festival Of Light and fellow moralists are working this street. AIDS almost lives up to their idea of a dream disease; one that would instantly strike dead anyone having sex not sanctioned by the church. The wowsers have been immeasurably helped by much of the media. *Time* magazine, for instance, marketed its coverage of AIDS without shame: a major feature called *The New Untouchables* gratuitously included a small piece which also told us that AIDS in fact was not an epidemic, the virus was easily destroyed and, finally, that most people had nothing to fear. A month later they ran with it again, this time calling AIDS a "scourge that spreads panic", but added obligingly, without any bright lights, that "on the face of it, the panic seems out of all proportion to the numbers involved".



SCOTT KENNEDY

If the panic takes root — and there are signs that it could be doing so — we will dehumanise our social lives and destroy romance. If the people who thrive on inhibition get their way, the atmosphere will be so poisoned that you'll look at an attractive person across a crowded room and think, VIRUS!

If AIDS were a capricious fatal illness inextricably linked to sex, we could understand the hysteria. But it isn't. PLAYBOY's Kate Nolan and I have spent months trying to separate the facts from the myths. What do we really know? Less than we'd like but a great deal more than the propaganda that's out there.

Here is what we know:

(i) Blood and semen are the only bodily fluids that carry large enough concentrations of the virus to cause the disease. Except in rare cases in which the virus is transmitted by mother's milk to infants, a victim's bloodstream must be invaded. You can't get AIDS from a doorknob and no one has ever gotten AIDS from kissing.

(ii) The AIDS virus invades white blood cells and induces them to produce more AIDS virus. When the white blood cells are ravaged, the body's immune system stops working. At that point, the body becomes vulnerable to many illnesses, any of which may become fatal. The virus may also directly attack the central nervous system.

(iii) Because the rectal walls tend to become ruptured during anal intercourse, semen containing the AIDS virus has a direct path to the blood stream; hence the disproportionate number of male homosexuals who have been hit by the disease.

(iv) Most heterosexuals who have the disease got it from infected blood transmitted through needles, either through recreational drug use or through transfusions. Drug use is one of the things that put prostitutes at risk.

(v) Many more people have AIDS antibodies in their systems than have the disease. The presence of the antibodies does not necessarily mean that symptoms of the disease will appear, just as the presence of antibodies against hepatitis and herpes does not mean you're bound to get either.

(vi) As we go to press, heterosexually transmitted cases of the disease are outnumbered 70:1 by homosexually transmitted cases. Does that mean AIDS is primarily a homosexual disease? No, it's a blood contamination disease.

Here is how Mathilde Krim, a research biologist who heads the AIDS Medical Foundation, explained the transmission of AIDS: "The virus is very difficult to transmit, even under the ideal conditions of a laboratory. In order to infect, it must be freshly out of a live, transmitting cell, and it must almost immediately meet a specific white blood cell on its surface. In other words, there must be an open cut with hot, fresh blood. It cannot be spread through ordinary physical contact."

One of the threats we hear most frequently is that we are sitting on a time bomb. When it goes off, the explosion will supposedly ravage the heterosexual community, just as it is now ravaging the homosexual community. The evidence presented to support this theory is the fact that AIDS victims are overwhelmingly homosexual, but in Africa, where it has been around longer, it is a heterosexual disease.

Here's Nolan from the front lines: "I've talked with the virologists; they offer the party line — apocalypse now. The virus is going to break out into the culture at large. But the epidemiologists say that's not true. Circumstances for the epidemic that exist in Central Africa don't exist here. In Africa, AIDS is associated with prostitution and with poor hygiene. Central Africa is a needle culture. Everyone who's sick goes to a clinic. People don't think they've been treated unless they get an injection, even if it's aspirin. Needles are used and reused. The standards of cleanliness may be low. In order to have an epidemic, you have to have the conditions for an epidemic. We can avoid those conditions here."

Nolan continues, "The homosexual community was victimised because there was no information about the way the disease was transmitted. Individuals kept engaging in high-risk activities because they didn't know they were at risk. Add to that the difference in levels of activity: before AIDS became widespread, the promiscuous homosexual male was far more sexually active than the promiscuous heterosexual male. Increased contact increased the spread of the virus. The projections assume that behavior won't change. Now heterosexuals and homosexuals have the option of keeping themselves at very low risk."

Most of us have a Clint Eastwood view of disease, and it has served us well. If you have a germ that kills, you kill it. Alexander Fleming's penicillin is the best example. But there are other worthwhile models. If you have yellow fever, you drain the swamp. If you can't kill the germs, you prevent the disease.

Here are some guidelines about AIDS. Ignore them if you are confident about your sexual partner. If you are not confident, this is the way to go.

For heterosexual men: Avoid the high-risk groups. Don't have sex with women who have sex with men who fuck men or with men who inject drugs. Use condoms. If you've ever had one break during intercourse, change brands. Don't reuse sex toys from one partner to another without washing them first. Don't have sex with prostitutes.

"If you are a healthy heterosexual male and you don't take intravenous drugs or have sex with prostitutes, there aren't enough zeros on your pocket calculator to indicate the chance of your catching AIDS."

For heterosexual women: Don't have sex with men who fuck men or prostitutes or with men who inject drugs. Refrain from anal sex. If you can't, ask your partner to use a condom and plenty of lubrication (something he should have been doing all along).

For homosexual men: Learn about "safe sex". Cruising in the gay community implies much higher numbers than in the straight community, so if you're not in a monogamous relationship, you should assume that you or your partner has been exposed. Mutual masturbation is fine. Oral sex is all right if you don't ejaculate in each other's mouths. Do not engage in anal-oral or anal-receptive sex.

This isn't a pretty discussion; but unless we confront reality, we're avoiding it. The show-business people who have admirably given their time and talent to raise money for research under the banner FIGHT AIDS might better use those dollars to purchase billboards that say STOP AIDS! USE CONDOMS. That could save more lives in the next two years than new research.

We have to stay on guard: all the do-gooders in the world could unfortunately force us into a rerun of the Dark Ages.

In a recent magazine article, Dr Helen Singer Kaplan, who heads the Human Sexuality Program at Cornell Medical Centre, said that AIDS meant, "If you're a single woman, remember, no casual sex ever again. Wait until you know the other person. Know your partner. Know whether he's had a homosexual experience or used injected drugs in the past eight years."

While it appears responsible, there's a paralysing undertone to that advice. It's a step toward recommending that single people shut down their sex lives altogether. Why, for example, do we have to go back eight years? It would take policework to get the information, and there weren't enough cases of AIDS back then to have statistical impact today.

We need distinctions we haven't had to deal with before. It's a good idea to forget about anonymous sex, but how far do we have to go? When two people who have known each other for a while, who have flirted a little, decide to consummate their relationship in an evening that will live fondly in their memories, is that casual sex? When two people meet for the first time and spend an intense, nerve-tingling day and a half together, with no intention of buying a house or having children, is that casual sex? Is fear of AIDS being used to enforce virginity, abstinence and puritanism?

The sexual revolution was about understanding sex. It was about becoming unafraid. Men could express their sexuality without fear of reproof. Women could express their sexuality without being branded whores.

If we're going to come to grips with the AIDS panic, we are going to have to stare down some fear. While it is easy to scorn the parents we see on television who won't allow their children to sit in the same class as a victim of AIDS, the darker possibility is that those parents are going to start forbidding gay teachers to even enter the classroom.

There is a neurotic response to this illness that can't be overlooked: "I know it's unlikely, but what if it *is* me?" We require the courage to face the facts about the disease, modify our behavior if necessary, and say it's *not* going to be us. Moreover, we require the courage to look at the victims and understand that they are victims. They have not committed sin, they have committed sex; and sex served as an accidental pathway to a tragedy. The message to the homosexual community should be that we are on your side, because we are all in this together. Until a medical breakthrough gives the media a chance to run their last AIDS story, we must defeat AIDS with our knowledge and our humanity.

— ARTHUR KRETCHMER

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PAUL HOGAN

A candid conversation with our ocker ambassador on the selling of Australia, the art of larrikinism, and the making of a true-blue comedy movie.

At the age of 45, and almost a decade and a half since he first burst into our living rooms and dared to be ordinary, Paul Hogan has made his first movie. And like everything else in his remarkable career, Hogan's $8.8 million blockbuster, Crocodile Dundee, is a fanfare for the common man.

"It's about an average Aussie bloke who can do everything," says Hoges, squinting from under his black bushman's hat. "Or reckons he can."

The characterisation Hogan has written for himself will come as no surprise to the legion of fans who many years ago turned the average bloke from the Sydney western suburb of Chullora into a national institution and made him very rich in the process. The Harbor Bridge rigger who liked to play the lair is Australia's best known "professional galah", with a growing following in Britain, Europe and the United States, thanks to the clever marketing of his television specials around the world, and to the advertising campaigns he has spearheaded for Foster's beer and the Australian Tourist Commission.

Hogan, guided throughout his career by astute business partner John Cornell, is the quintessential rags-to-riches success story — proof positive that you don't need a silver spoon or an old school tie to make it big in Australia.

But that's not why he is so extraordinarily popular almost everywhere in the land. He is a folk hero of mythic proportions not for his talent (of which there is much), nor for his wit (which ranges from very dry to Benny Hill). Hoges is a legend because he embodies the truly Australian larrikin virtues. He does what he wants to do on his own terms and wins. He is the bloke who can tell the boss to get stuffed and walk out of the office with a raise.

Furthermore, Hogan is what he seems: that creature most rare, a star untainted by the system. He is also the first Australian whom PLAYBOY has seen fit to interview twice.

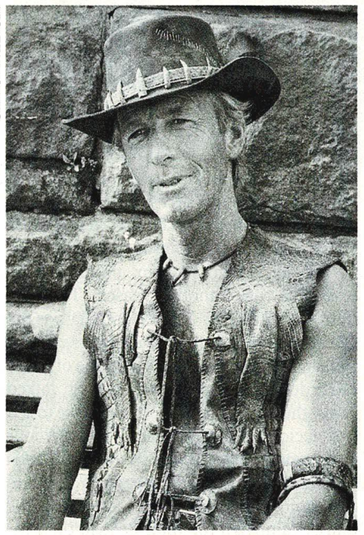
On the first occasion, in April 1981, we sent philosopher and humorist Phillip Adams along to the Hogan home on Sydney's northside for what turned out to be a fascinating duologue about comedy and nationalism. Soon after the interview appeared, however, Hogan's career branched out in new directions.

Since his television campaign for Winfield (before cigarette advertising was outlawed) had taken that company from nowhere to the top of the market, he had been much in demand by advertisers. Hogan and partner Cornell kept refusing until the right offer came along, and in the early 1980s it did, in the form of Foster's. The success of Hogan's British campaign for the all-Australian brew prompted the comedian to offer his services to the federal government for the express purpose of attracting American tourists to the land down under. In typical Hogan fashion he charged nothing, claiming that the Hawke government would never have been able to afford his usual fee.

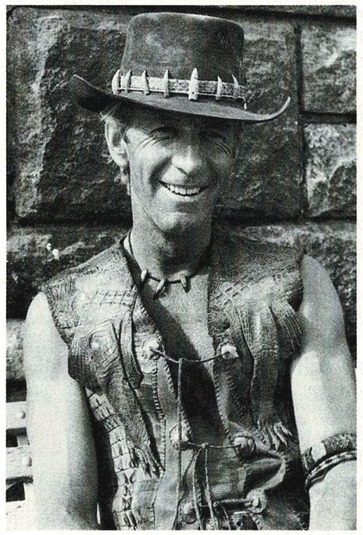
Then came the feature film. Hogan had been looking for the right script for five years and when it didn't arrive he sat down and wrote it himself. As Hogan says, Crocodile Dundee, due for release in April, will be either a success. . . or a huge success.

To quiz Hogan about his brilliant career and deep tan, PLAYBOY senior contributing editor ***Phil Jarratt*** *flew, drove and hiked deep into the Kakadu National Park, some 250 kilometres south-east of Darwin. Says Jarratt: "Just when I was beginning to wonder if I should ration the water, I turned a corner and found a 60-person film crew hard at work by a billabong. There, in the thick of*

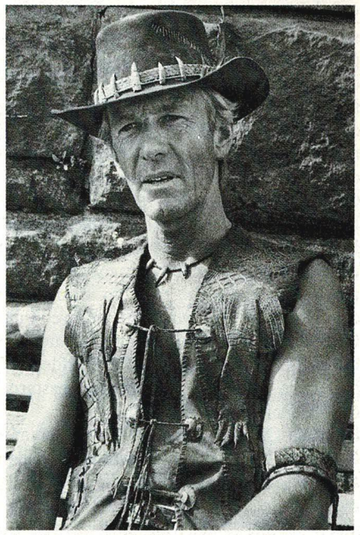
JIM SHELDON



"If you start thinking about your image, about who and what you are, you muck it all up, don't you?"



"I've always fancied myself as a bit of a politician actually. I think I understand a few things that might help."



"Hoges can't sell French champagne, Rolls-Royces or even Fabulon with credibility. I'm good at beer and fags."

the action was Hoges, trim, tanned and looking at least 10 years younger than he deserves. As shooting continued throughout the day, Hoges ad-libbed, joked with the crew and began the interview between takes. He continued it over lunch on the floor of the make-up caravan and into the next day, often walking off the set and picking up an answer in mid-sentence. I've never seen anyone so relaxed, and his mood pervaded the whole Dundee crew. I just hope they remembered to load the camera."

PLAYBOY: The last time Australian PLAYBOY interviewed you, some five years ago, you had this to say about movies. . .

HOGAN: Did I?

PLAYBOY: You said, "What I'm not going to do is appear in a comedy which I think is not funny." Obviously you think *Crocodile Dundee* is funny. . .

HOGAN: I certainly hope it is.

PLAYBOY: You've written it yourself and helped bankroll it. Is it a case of having had to start from scratch?

HOGAN: It is, yes. I probably should have done it this way a few years ago.

PLAYBOY: What sorts of parts were you offered before you came to that conclusion?

HOGAN: Mostly drama things, occasionally bad comedy.

PLAYBOY: How do you define bad comedy?

HOGAN: Stuff that isn't funny. A lot of the old-style Australian stuff. Poo jokes, bodily functions, yer basic awful stuff. I was just waiting around for a good film script. I didn't care if it was drama or comedy. Eventually I started to despair of ever seeing a good script and I thought, well, instead of sittin' around waiting I should write my own. I'd been writing comedy for a long time, and on television every sketch you write ends up being a compromise of some sort — they say you can't have 14 people because it's too expensive, that sort of thing. I think writing comedy for a movie is actually easier because you create a certain reality. On the television shows I might get dressed up as a copper and fall down some stairs. Now if I really *was* a copper and I fell down the stairs it would be hilarious, but the viewers know that it's just Hoges dressed up and in a few more minutes I'll be back to being me. See, in a movie you have the time to bring the characters to life, you can believe I'm Crocodile Dundee for a couple of hours.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about this Mr Dundee. Is he some sort of antipodean bastard offspring of Indiana Jones?

HOGAN: Oh no, nothin' to do with him. New York it first started. It was a while ago and I was over there doing talk shows and radio interviews. They treated me very nicely but like I was a Martian. I was a bit of a novelty because I was Australian. It wasn't just the way I talked, it was my attitude to things. It was strange because there was no real language barrier. They laughed at the things I said that I thought were funny. You know, they laughed in all the right places, but there was also the fact that I was so different, and that made them laugh too. The thought occurred to me that if they thought *I* was funny, then they'd split their sides over some of the outback outlaws that I've struck up in the Territory over the years. The New Yorkers'd think they were in a time warp if they met some of those blokes. I mean the Territory and the city of New York are the absolute opposite ends of western civilisation, that's as far apart as you can get.

PLAYBOY: You know a lot of these outlaw types up here?

HOGAN: Not really, but I've been here a few times and the characters I've met have been pretty extreme — dynamite fishermen, croc poachers and the like. They seek me out, these blokes. I might go to Darwin or Pine Creek or Katherine or wherever. I walk in the bar and within a couple of minutes the town murderer'll be over to say

I started to despair of ever seeing a good film script and I thought, well, instead of sittin' around waiting, I should write my own.

hello. Most of the time it's bloody good, you know? They're colorful characters; not mental giants some of them, mind you.

PLAYBOY: It's not the usual fan/star relationship, is it? They seem to regard you more as a mate.

HOGAN: Yeah, they seem to identify with me. A lot of people — blokes especially — come up and ask me for an autograph and you just know that they would never have asked anyone for an autograph in their lives. You get the odd bloke who looks like he's been out bitin' the heads off bulls all morning, and he'll come over and say: "Scuse me, Hoges, can I have your. . ."

[At this point the interview is interrupted as an elderly tourist couple in matching safari suits stumble through the undergrowth outside the caravan. Seeing Hogan, the husband yells: "G'day, Hoges, how're ya goin'?" The woman turns in her tracks and shrieks: "It's not 'im. Oh, it is, too! How're ya goin', Hoges?"]

HOGAN: Did you organise that?

PLAYBOY: Are you sure you didn't?

HOGAN: Bloody amazing, isn't it?

PLAYBOY: Does that happen to you in the cities, too?

HOGAN: If I'm standing around it might, but I don't often stand around inviting it.

PLAYBOY: Have you become at all reclusive?

HOGAN: Oh, no, but take the cricket. If I went and sat up on the Hill they'd be yahooin' at me all day and I wouldn't see any cricket. I like cricket so I don't sit on the Hill. I don't think about it much any more. I suppose I just take it for granted that there are some things that you can't do if you're famous. You hear people whingeing about it but that's ridiculous. They should stay in their lounge rooms and entertain their families. Once you get up on the stage or on television you just have to give up certain aspects of your privacy.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of families, yours is almost off your hands now, huh?

HOGAN: Part of it is. The eldest is 25 but the youngest of the five is only 11.

PLAYBOY: At 45 are you starting to worry about middle age?

HOGAN: I'm not middle-aged yet. I don't think I'll ever get there *[laughing]*.

PLAYBOY: It's an unusual time of life to be beginning a film career. Do you foresee a long future in movies?

HOGAN: I don't know, it depends how this one goes. I think it'll either be successful or hugely successful. I wouldn't be doing it otherwise. If I'm wrong I will have done it for nothing.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned earlier that you first came up with the film idea when you were being touted around town doing the talk shows. Was this as a result of the commercials you did for the Australian Tourist Commission?

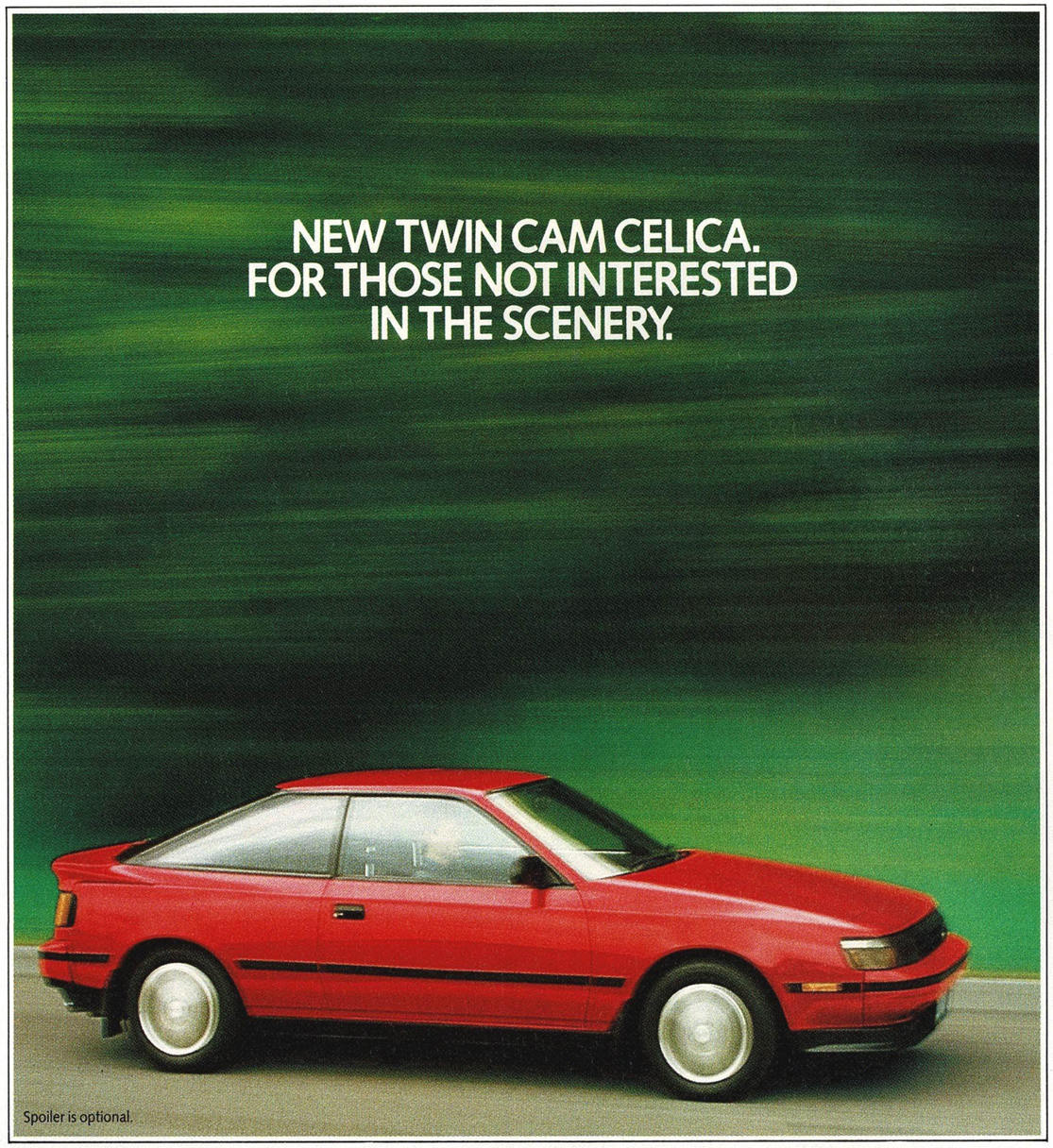
HOGAN: That's right. I was being carted around to promote the campaign.

PLAYBOY: We've heard that the initial response to your invitation to Americans to come over and "throw another shrimp on the barbie" was phenomenal, but has it been quantified in terms of ticket sales?

HOGAN: Well, the ads won an American Clio award but they also won another one for results achieved. They tell me it's the most successful tourism commercial in America ever. The previous most successful one was for Alaska, but ours achieved a much higher callback rate for about a quarter of the budget.

PLAYBOY: Why did you offer your services to sell Australia to American tourists?

HOGAN: Well, the first reason was that I don't like being mistaken for a Pom when I'm in America. That's always annoyed shit out of me. Them knowin' nothin' about Australia, that's another reason. The only thing they ever saw about Australia was the Qantas ads, and I reckon they were terrible. I mean, a talking koala! It was one of those coincidental things. Corny and I talked about the product we would most like to sell and decided it was Australia. The previous government was trying to sell Australia overseas with a sandwich board. We went to see Mojo and made a tape outlining the tourist campaign for John Brown, the PM, and the other ministers. I explained on the tape what was wrong and how they should be selling the place. You know, I reminded



Driving the new Twin Cam Celica will quickly change your outlook on life.

It has a lot to do with the power of Celica's new 16 valve Twin Cam fuel injected engine.

From the moment you first look at Celica, it's obvious things have changed. The wider, lower body. With styling that a term like "aerodynamic" cannot do justice to. Celica achieves 0-100kph in a spectacular 8.5 seconds and has features to complement its high powered engine.

TOYOTA SUSPENSION TUNING TWIN CAM

Such as the four-wheel independent suspension. Rack and pinion power steering and the sure-stopping of four wheel disc brakes.

Inside Twin Cam Celica you'll revel in the level of sporting features. Telescopic/tilt sports steering wheel. Powered mirrors. A classic analogue instrument panel. And the energy of a full sounding AM/FM radio/stereo cassette.

If you would like more information, write to: The Manager, Imported Vehicles, AMI Toyota Limited, Box 2006S, GPO Melbourne, 3001.

As one of the most powerful performance vehicles in its class Celica would certainly be a change of scenery.

Oh What a Feeling!

TWIN CAM CELICA

TOYOTA

DFS/TYA215

For the drivers in the Camel Trophy the toughest opposition won't be the other thirteen teams.

The Camel Trophy is a furious, off-road hell drive held annually in remote and exotic parts of the world.

And this year, for the first time in the trophy's eight-year history, the event is being staged in Australia.

In March, fourteen teams from fourteen countries will embark on an adventure that will take them three thousand kilometres across the roof of Australia. From Cairns to Darwin.

Another first this year, is that an Australian team will compete.

The Aussies will have one advantage only.

And that is knowing how rugged northern Queensland and the Northern Territory can be in the wet season.

But then, the Camel Trophy isn't a race.

Rather, it's a challenge – a test of skill, scored not on time, but on a point system that rewards the team that displays the greatest ingenuity in overcoming extreme and dangerous natural obstacles.

So much so that it is recognized internationally as a major off-road endurance event.

The spirit of the Camel Trophy is one of camaraderie, not competition.

For the participants, winning isn't the thing. It's tasting adventure.

And surviving.

CAMEL TROPHY

Australia 1986

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them that the ride on the sheep's back was over and pointed out the value of the tourist dollar. It was a real little political speech. I've always fancied meself as a bit of a politician actually, not loyal to any party, but I think I understand a few things that might help. Anyway, I got tangled up with John Brown and I liked him straight away because he used to be a butcher at Cabarita; he had roots. He'd gone on to be a meat wholesaler and they really make a profit. He was a capitalist, you see, and there are a lot of blokes in the Labor Party who hand out money left, right and centre and they don't know what makes the world go round. Brownie does.

PLAYBOY: Some people would argue that it was a toss-up between you and John Brown as to who has the best job in the world.

HOGAN: Oh, I'd rather have mine than his. They get the blame for everything, politicians. Anyway, the proposition I eventually put to the government was that if they put together a first class campaign I'd do the commercials for nothing to get it off the ground. I basically said, if you're gonna spend three million on it and give me one million, I won't be in it. If you put six million into it, then I'll do it for nothing. I explained that they weren't dealing with some broken-down, second-rate presenter who just wanted to get his hand into the government coffers, because quite frankly I'd rather not deal with the government.

That was what got 'em in. I mean they knew I was knocking back offers every week and Mojo was knocking back clients every week, so you'd have to be stupid almost to imagine we were just after some government money. I've started charging now. Shit, they haven't given me any bloody money yet. I'll have to get on to that.

One of the politicians was asking questions in Parliament about how much I received. Well, I never wanted to put a price on it because they'd never have been able to afford it. It would have been seven figures for a thing like that. I only feel able to accept a token amount and they'll probably still jump up and down. It's a no-win situation, really, so when they do finally give me some money I'll give it away.

PLAYBOY: At the height of the dry season this week, Darwin is full of Americans in plaid trousers and baseball caps all here to see the real Australia. Do you feel personally responsible for visiting this upon us?

HOGAN: To a degree, yes. I run into them everywhere I go but I quite like Yanks actually. They can be a bit obnoxious at times, but overall they have some qualities we could use ourselves. They've got a bit more self-confidence and they're more open-minded about people. We've still got that terrible English working-class envy of the rich. You know, take the Rolls-Royces off the rich and burn them. The American thinking is, there's gotta be a way *I* can get a Rolls-Royce.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you would have ended up as successful as you are now if you'd been born American?

HOGAN: Well, they don't have a Hoges over there. The researchers from American *Sixty Minutes* tried to come up with an equivalent when they did a piece on me and all they could think of was Will Rogers. He was just a cowboy who did political jokes. They had Archie Bunker, but they've never had a Hoges. He's the quintessential urban anti-hero. There are a lot of Hoges about. If I'd been born American, though, I'm sure I would have come up with something else, and the way they latch on to things over there, I'd probably be a trillionaire.

PLAYBOY: Do you think your success in Australia has been the result of good luck, good management, or a combination of both?

HOGAN: A combination. Luck opens the doors but hard work gets you through them and keeps you there. You've gotta have luck in anything, I guess, but I'm not just a lucky clown stumbling along *[laughing]*.

PLAYBOY: What do you regard as your luckiest break?

HOGAN: I suppose it'd be going on *New Faces* in the first place. A lot of luck flowed from that.

PLAYBOY: Once you'd made that quantum leap in front of the cameras did you see a career in front of you or were there doubts?

HOGAN: Oh, I didn't get up there to prove myself as a performer. That was never my aim. I did what most people wanted to do, and that was to put a bit of shit on these people who were sitting there pompously destroying the careers and ambitions of 16-year-old tap dancers. We had a chat about all this at work on the Bridge and we agreed that "someone" ought to do 'em over. Naturally the "someone" ended up being me. So I didn't come out after that first time and think to meself, gee, what a terrific performer you are, Hoges. I came out and said to meself, well, you got away with that, old mate. And I had, because the judges didn't get stuck into me. I don't think they were game.

PLAYBOY: Facing the New York media for the first time must have been rather like appearing on *New Faces*.

HOGAN: Yeah, that's right, and the same thing in England. I think people can tell when you don't really care too much whether you succeed or fail, and that's rare in the entertainment business. They really don't know how to handle that attitude when you go on the talk shows or the tonight shows. They're used to the normal star approach, you know, where they go through the questions and answers in advance. When I was invited on *The Johnny Carson Show* the producer wanted to go right through the interview and script three weeks before I got to America. I told him I might change my mind five times before I went on the show so how could I tell him what my answers were gonna be? I said, you don't rehearse talk shows. But they insisted, so I said, well, you'd better start without me. There was a very long pregnant pause. The producer said he'd get back to me, but I never heard from him again. Johnny Carson was already aping me in his monologue. He'd come out and say, "G'day, viewers."

PLAYBOY: No doubt you'll be out on the promotional circus train when *Crocodile Dundee* is released. Do you feel like a professional Australian when you do that sort of thing?

HOGAN: Well, I suppose it looks that way but that's just the way I am. You don't have to be real ockery or anything. They have trouble understanding what I'm saying when I just talk normal.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned ocker — we didn't — but it brings to mind the tag line on your first Playboy Interview: "The sophisticates' humorist talks with the authentic working class comedian." This was Phillip Adams talking to Paul Hogan. Is there a class consciousness in comedy?

HOGAN: I dunno. That might have been Phillip's interpretation of it — I'm a comedian, he's a humorist. Does that mean you laugh at comedians and smile at humorists? I don't think I understand the word "sophisticated" when it's applied to comedy. It makes me think of a stand-up comic in a dinner suit telling the most awful poo jokes. I suppose he'd be more sophisticated than me. Actually, Phillip Adams and I have pretty similar material, except I'm a bit more visual and I throw in a bit of Benny Hill type stuff. But when I do a monologue I reckon there'd occasionally be stuff in there that'd go right over Phillip Adams's head.

PLAYBOY: Hoges might not be everyone's idea of a belly laugh but he doesn't seem to have many serious detractors.

HOGAN: Oh, there'll always be a percentage who'll have a go.

PLAYBOY: But he doesn't polarise Australians the way Barry Humphries seems to, does he?

HOGAN: See, Hoges talks about "us" because he's one of the audience. Barry Humphries has never been an ordinary bloke. He seems to me to be patting Australians on the head and saying how cute and peculiar we all are.

Maybe that's why he's always been so popular in England. He's outside looking in. I'm inside looking out. The line I take is that Australians might be peculiar but I'd be one of the most peculiar.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think people by and large see you as a hero?

HOGAN: Yeah, in a way. It's the great Australian tradition of having a go, and it's a bit of a change for a comedian. Most of them are in the Sad Sack mould, real losers. That was the advice I got back at the start too. They all said I should dip out in the end, you know, fall over on my face so people would feel sorry for me and it'd be easy for them to laugh. All bullshit. With Hoges it doesn't matter if he's gone to a party and made a complete ass of himself. In his own mind he's the life of the party; he's a winner.

PLAYBOY: So you've flown in the face of the conventional wisdom about comedy; is that also the way you've approached filmmaking?

HOGAN: We haven't deliberately thrown away the rule book, nothing like that. But we've discovered all these unwritten rules, like the one about not investing in your own film because it puts too much pressure on you. Well, I haven't got me house on it so there's not *that* much pressure. If the film's not much good I just won't make any money out of it. If it's hugely successful I'll make buckets and I reckon that's the way it should be.

PLAYBOY: How much Paul Hogan is there in Crocodile Dundee?

HOGAN: The character is an attempt to give Australia a hero. This is a country desperately short of heroes. We haven't got a Robin Hood or a Daniel Boone or a Davy Crockett. All we ever had was Ned Kelly, a bloody Irishman with a bucket over his head who pulled a few unsuccessful robberies a long time ago. Not much of a hero. There was Peter Lalor, a sort of politician who wrote poetry. There was the Man From Snowy River — one bloody ride down a hill. Pathethic! Clancy Of The Overflow, what'd he do? Wrote a bloody letter with his thumbnail dipped in tar.

PLAYBOY: Well, we have Hoges and Hawke now. Do you really think we need heroes?

HOGAN: I don't think it's a matter of life and death but it'd be nice to have one. Chips Rafferty's been dead a while. Regardless of where they live, most Australians would like to think that they could ride a horse bareback, chop down trees, track like an Abo and wrestle crocodiles if necessary. I think that is the Aussie self-image.

PLAYBOY: How did an average bloke from Chullora learn to do these things?

HOGAN: Everybody can pretend, that's what I'm doing.

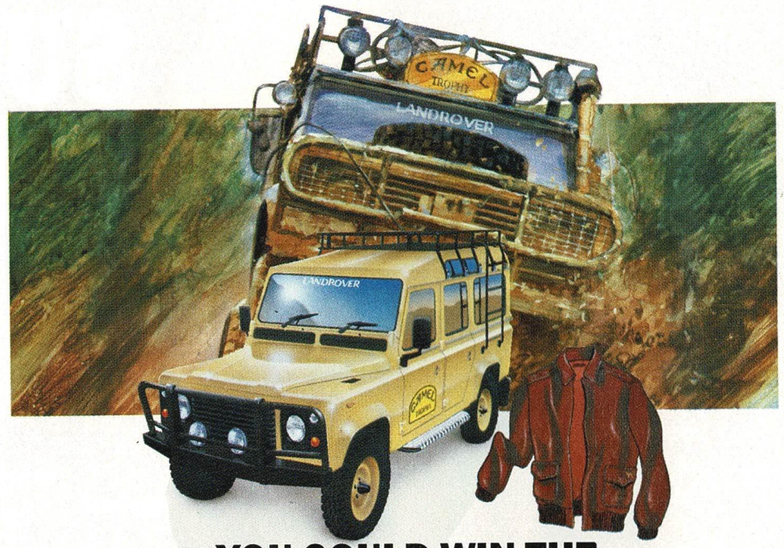
PLAYBOY: You're having a ball, aren't you? This is an $8.8 million game of cowboys and Indians.

HOGAN: Yeah, that's virtually what it is. Throw in a few characters with my sense of humor and that's it. It's good fun. It's good to see scenes coming to life from a few words I scratched down on a pad 18 months ago. You know, one minute it's a doodle, next minute we've got 60 people out here in the middle of nowhere. It's great to watch the rushes, when you see this stuff come out just like I saw it in me head, maybe even better.

PLAYBOY: How did you find your leading lady, Linda Kozlowski?

HOGAN: Stroke of luck, bit of good judgement I suppose. We got a casting director in the States, a lady who'd done the casting for a lot of Woody Allen's films, and *they* were well cast. She came up with a few names, one was Linda and one was Morgan Fairchild, who was about the opposite of

(continued on page 112)



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This year's Camel Trophy will be a Hell Drive Test of Skill, but here's a chance to win a street version Land Rover 110 County valued at $32,000 without even raising a sweat!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO. Answer the 3 questions and send your entry together with the pictures of the Camel from any two Camel packs.
The first entry drawn will Win the Land Rover 110 County fitted with a Roof Rack, Ladder, Bull Bar and Driving Lights. The vehicle will include all on-road costs.
The next 10 entries drawn will each win one of the exclusive Camel Trophy Leather Jackets valued at $300 each.

Conditions of Entry. 1. Closing date 30/4/86. The Draw will take place at R. J. Reynolds, Sydney at 10am on 5/5/86. Winners will be announced in the Australian on the 16/5/86. **2.** This competition is open to persons over the age of 18 years. **3.** The First Prize of a Land Rover 110 County cannot be transferred for cash. **4.** Employees or Relatives of R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Australia Inc., their Agencies and Subsidiary Companies are ineligible to enter. **5.** This competition is not valid in South Australia. **6.** The Judges decision is final and entry to this competition shall be deemed to be an acknowledgement of the above terms and conditions. The Promoter is R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Australia Inc.

LAND ROVER

CAMEL TROPHY
Australia 1986

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Q2. How many Pyramids on a Camel Pack?
A. _____

Q3. What is the blend of tobacco in a Camel Cigarette?
A. _____

Name _____
Address _____
_____ Postcode _____
Chest Size _____ Age _____
I declare I am over the age of eighteen years. (It is a criminal offence to attempt to obtain goods on the basis of a false declaration.)
Signature _____
PH

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REYNO114

SUCCESS *by* DEGREES?

A university education may not be the path to fame and fortune.

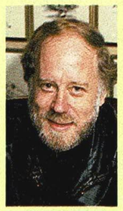
YOU'VE HEARD of "open education". When educationalists first began to spruik the concept back in the radical '60s, it was going to make schools and universities the instruments of sweeping social change. Its supporters marched in the streets to convince conservative forces who opposed anything as minor as a change in the weather that it was also time to dispense with the idea that education should determine the winners and losers in our materialistic society. Now, guess the result.

Twenty years on, tertiary education remains an aspiration most parents hold for their children. The popular perception is little changed. Tertiary education is regarded as an advantage and a privilege, a key that opens the door to security,

by
SETH GREGORY
and
ROBIN INGRAM

ILLUSTRATION BY RE:DESIGN

PHILLIP ADAMS



Left Eltham High at the age of 15 because of family circumstances and has always regretted not having had a more comprehensive education. His writing ability gained him a job in a small creative advertising agency, a humble start to a career that has flourished into 25 percent ownership of Monahan Dayman Adams, the biggest Australian-owned agency, with billings of around $130 million. Adams has extended an interest in film production into chairmanship of the Australian Film Commission and is a prolific newspaper and magazine columnist.

"In many contexts I've felt that my abbreviated formal education has been something of a liability. But success, of course, depends on many other factors. Kerry Packer once told me that the first trick in life was to be born to the right parents. Admittedly, many of the great swots and ink monitors of my schooldays seem to have bombed out and, at MDA, we never put much stress on educational qualifications in advertisements for staff. But the more we smirk about seat-of-the-pants success and talk about the land of opportunity and the lucky country, the more we lose ground. The advances are so rapid that we have to be highly educated to take advantage of them."

KERRY STOKES

Left school at 14 because it was not financially practical for him to stay on and took to the road working wherever he could find a job. At 19, Kerry Stokes arrived in Western Australia and went into radio and television servicing and real estate. Today he doesn't repair television and radio sets, he runs television and radio networks, and his real estate interests contribute to a personal fortune valued at $30 million.

"The formal education system ignores the fact that different people develop their potential at different times. When I decided to extend my education in my own time and at my own cost, I was much more committed to succeeding and I had both a will and an incentive to do so. I'm not derisive of formal education qualifications but it is even more important to develop an intuitive sense which allows you to direct your knowledge in a useful direction. Advice? Well, if ever you face a difficult decision, you can be sure that the harder of the two alternatives is always the right decision. And don't worry about problems, they're only opportunities dressed in working clothes."

THE CASE AGAINST TERTIARY EDUCATION

"Yes, that was a hard life and I learned what you have to do to succeed. Gee whiz, you can learn more in a cow bail than at Oxford University. My word you can."

— Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen to author Hugh Lunn

"I don't know, Ma'am, why they make all this fuss about education; none of the Pagets can read or write, and they get on well enough."

— Lord Melbourne to Queen Victoria

"Soap and education are not as sudden as a massacre, but they are more deadly in the long run."

— Mark Twain in *Sketches New and Old*

"Education is what survives when what has been learnt has been forgotten."

— B.F. Skinner, psychologist, in *New Scientist*

"All men who have turned out worth anything have had the chief hand in their own education."

— Sir Walter Scott

success and higher salaries. Out in the real world, however, it's possible that the disciplines of tertiary education dull the edge of opportunism that is today's shortcut to success. While the graduate with his qualifications is climbing the staircase, the entrepreneur is taking the elevator.

Certainly, our study of Australia's most successful business entrepreneurs suggests the faculty that produces the most winners is much more likely to be the School of Hard Knocks than the School of Business Administration. Australia may be the last bastion of the seat-of-the-pants business bonanza, but even internationally the investment in tertiary education is paying increasingly disappointing returns.

In 1970, a North American survey found that male university graduates had incomes 42 percent higher than non-graduates. Ten years later, the difference had shrunk to 24 percent. Today, the starting salaries being offered to graduates average less than 5 percent higher than those paid to non-graduates and that edge is still dropping.

Many Australian degree holders find difficulty getting any job at all because the demand is currently greater for those with technical or other special skills than for people with purely academic credentials. The employment listings give a pointer. There are jobs for artists, medical technicians, mechanics, beauticians and data processors. But try to find one for an authority on classical literature, ancient history or philosophy. An electronics technician fresh out of training can pull down $16,000 or more a year while a new Bachelor of Arts is still trying to think of something relevant to put in his resume.

Ironically, some of the world's greatest thinkers, from Lord Melbourne to Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen, have extolled the virtues of the self-made man while denigrating those whose education was dispensed at a university. Whether tertiary education is worth while or not depends on what you expect to get out of it. As conspicuous achiever Phillip Adams (who left school at 15 and is now worth $10 million) told us, "As much as I admire the man who has made it with self-motivation and keen instinct, when I need a doctor I go to the man who studied six years rather than the hippie on the corner."

On the other hand, Ray Kroc, another early leaver who went on to found the McDonald's hamburger empire, was so disillusioned with formal educational institutions that he opened his own "university". Located alongside a freeway in suburban Chicago, Hamburger University graduates 2000 students a year.

The school's curriculum includes 18 courses which cover such subjects as French frying, beef pattie preparation, and restaurant management. Don't laugh. Its graduates all go into immediate employment and a lucrative future is assured for those who learned the lessons well. Many of McDonald's franchisees are themselves millionaires.

STEFAN ACKERIE

Finished his formal education when his family migrated to Australia from Lebanon when Stefan was 17. Hairdressing was a family tradition, so Stefan became an apprentice hairdresser in Adelaide, working in factories at night and cutting hair in hospitals at the weekend. During a trip around Australia in 1964, he bought the salon in which he was working in Queensland's Longreach and, 20 years later, owns 67 salons, a chain of restaurants, and employs a workforce of around 900.

"Few of the skills important to success today are academic skills that can be learned in universities. Success depends on people realising their potential and for this, motivation, incentives, and the communication skills necessary to enthuse staff and clients, are the most important tools. Everyone can achieve their goal if they are prepared to commit themselves to it. The most important area of study these days is self-improvement."

In today's world, the traditional university degree does not promise the same security as its hamburger equivalent. It is not the key to success, and perhaps it never was. It's likely that the higher than average intelligence of a person who attends university allows him to compete more successfully in the workplace, rather than the qualifications with which university equips him. Evidence supporting this view comes from a well-documented study of 1500 high IQ children (average IQ above 150) by psychologist Lewis Terman. Terman monitored them into adulthood, interviewing them periodically about their jobs, health and attitudes. He found that those who did not go to university were earning as much as the average university graduate in the general population.

When Terman looked at the six highest earners in his sample of 1500 geniuses, he found that they averaged an income of around $400,000 a year in today's terms. He also found that of the six, only one had attended university. The highest income of all, equal to more than $1 million a year, went to someone with no tertiary education at all.

It's tempting to make one simple conclusion from such findings: if you're very smart, and high income is your goal, forget university and get right to work. Frank Woolworth, Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, Gordon Selfridge, Sidney Myer, Alan Bond and Robert Stigwood all managed to assemble multi-million dollar fortunes without going near a university.

DICK SMITH

Admitting that he was a "hopeless student", Dick Smith left school at 15 to work in a factory. He failed a course at Gore Hill Technical College and attended one lecture at Sydney University, which he didn't understand. Smith took a job repairing two-way radios for Manly Cabs and, aged 22, started his own taxi radio repair business with $600. His ambition was to become "as big as Howard Car Radios at Chatswood which had four employees". The next thing he remembers is that he had 150 employees and an electronics empire with a turnover of $40 million when he sold to Woolworths.

"Qualifications give an individual confidence, but if I had to choose between an applicant with qualifications and an applicant who was aware and astute, I'd go for the latter every time. My formula for success can be spelt out as CASHED: C for concise, A for ask, S for simple, H for honesty, E for enthusiasm and D for discipline."

Richard Harold Smith pretty much personifies the self-made Aussie businessman. As the high-profile Dick Smith of Dick Smith Electronics fame, he generated his irrepressible enthusiasm through some bright-spark ideas, and ended up with a business turning over more than $40 million a year. Cashed up from the sale of his company to Woolworths, Dick Smith is now putting his success precepts to work in the well-mined field of publishing.

A school leaver at the age of 15, he says he had to repeat sixth class, is still unsure about his nine times tables, and doesn't understand a balance sheet. He claims the most useful qualification he ever gained was an amateur radio licence at the age of 16.

Dick Smith says the enthusiasm and energy to sustain you through a lot of hard work is the key to success. He finds that graduates often have an unworldliness about them. A complacency about their qualifications blinds them to simple logic and to the need for the lateral thinking that creates opportunities.

When it comes to making money, being smart obviously helps, but it isn't everything. Dick Smith says coming up with a winning idea is not as important as the hard work and enthusiasm needed to exploit it. The truth of the matter is that working standard hours for wages and growing rich are two incompatible concepts.

Few, if any, millionaires made their fortunes by putting aside a little out of each week's pay packet and fewer still made their pile working 35 hours a week. Many of Australia's most successful men worked so hard getting to where they are that there was little time left for education.

Observers put Kerry Stokes' minimum net worth at $30 million, a fortune made from media and real estate interests. Stokes left school in Melbourne at the age of 14 because his family's economic circumstances made it impractical for him to stay on.

His travels in search of work took him around Australia shearing, cutting cane and picking grapes. At 19, he went to Western Australia and took correspondence courses in radio and television repair, and a year later he went back to night school to study real estate valuation, economics and business administration.

AUSTRALIA'S 30 RICHEST MEN

Some went to uni, 80 percent didn't, but the dollars kept rolling in.

Sir Peter Abeles, transport ..... *no university education*
Lawrence Adler, insurance ..... *no university education*
Maurice Alter, property ..... *no university education*
Warren Anderson, property and farming ..... *no university education*
Marcus Besen, fashion ..... *educated at Gordon Inst. Technology (Vic) and Harvard Business School*
Alan Bond, beer, media, investments ..... *no university education*
Ronald Brierley, investment ..... *no university education*
David Cookes, chairman John Martin and Venture stores ..... *no university education*
John David, wholesaling ..... *no university education*
John Elliott, managing director, Elders IXL Ltd ..... *Bachelor of Commerce, Melbourne University*
James Fairfax, media ..... *Master of Arts, Oxford University*
Lindsay Fox, transport ..... *no university education*
Bruno (and Rino) Grollo, construction ..... *no university education*
David Haines, chairman Portland House Group, racehorse owner ..... *no university education*
Lang Hancock, mining ..... *no university education*
George Herscu, property ..... *no university education*
Sir Justin Hickey, insurance ..... *no university education*
Robert Holmes a Court, Bell Enterprises ..... *educated at WA University*
John (and Robert) Ingham, poultry ..... *no university education*
James King, parking stations ..... *no university education*
Kevin Kirby, company chairman ..... *educated at Sydney Tech College*
Max Leon Liberman, chairman RDC Holdings .... *Diploma (Elect) Engineering, British Institute Eng. Technology*
Ken Myer, ABC chairman, president Myer Foundation .. *educated at Princeton University*
Kerry Packer, media ..... *no university education*
John Roberts, Multiplex Constructions ..... *no university education*
Alan Rydge, company director and cinema owner ..... *no university education*
Norman Rydge, publishing and company director ..... *Bachelor of Arts, Sydney University*
Robert Stigwood, entrepreneur ..... *no university education*
Kerry Stokes, media ..... *no university education*
Keith Williams, Hamilton Island ..... *no university education*

(This list has been arranged in alphabetical order only.)

At 23 he had his own real estate business and knew that his success was assured. In a remarkable life that helps perpetuate Australia's image as a land of opportunity, the former radio and television repair man now owns a radio station (Perth's 6NOW) and a television station (Canberra's CTC 7).

Kerry Stokes says his on-the-road education taught him more valuable lessons than his formal education. In particular, it taught him how to recognise good advice, how to recognise opportunities and how to deal with people.

"An intuitive education offers many more advantages than a formal education," he says. "The unfortunate aspect of formal education is that not everyone develops at the same rate. Formal education makes the mistake of judging a student's potential at the age of 14 to 17. Too often kids are branded as no-hopers when all they are lacking is motivation.

"Many of the people I employ need to have qualifications. But I favor those who have worked for their qualifications outside formal schooling. They're the ones with the motivation and dedication to succeed in the big world outside."

Stefan Ackerie, whose Stefan Hair Fashions Pty Ltd is the largest privately owned hairdressing company in the world, is another who believes that motivation is the success science of the future.

"There has been a revolution in the methods of maximising business performance," he says, "but the universities have been slow to update their curricula."

Ackerie was educated in his native Lebanon before his family migrated to Australia when he was 17. From that point on, he says, his education was gained behind a hairdresser's chair during the day and taking English classes in a government migrant school at night.

At the age of 20 he bought the salon he was working in at Longreach in Queensland and, 20 years later, the Stefan empire embraces 67 shops turning over $25 million a year, three restaurants, and a workforce of 900.

"We train our staff so, in that sense, they have qualifications," he says. "But motivation and incentives are the real elements of success." (Stefan gives a worker-of-the-month award to the employee who has shown the greatest improvement or the best productivity — use of the company's Porsche 924 with No 1 plates for the month.)

"The real value of education," Stefan adds, "should be judged on whether or not it can be translated into success."

The extremes of this philosophy can already be seen overseas in establishments such as Ichiro Takarabe's Kanrisha Yosei Gakko business training school, where Japan's new business samurai have their instincts and responses honed to military precision. Mentally and physically excruciating exercises are used to break down the ego and independence of the budding business executive before he is processed into a totally ruthless success machine, ready for the most fiercely competitive business existence in the world. Japan's small and medium-sized companies pay $1500 for each management level trainee and Ichiro Takarabe turns out 5000 graduates a year.

Back home, Phillip Adams, a champion of the education he never received, says "cosmic luck" is a factor that people overlook in arguments about the value of tertiary education.

"There's a statistical inevitability about these things," he says. "Just as a percentage of kids are fat or tall or brilliant, a percentage will best exploit the opportunities in any society. A percentage will be graduates and a percentage won't be. But look at France: it's pouring people through its universities and in what, after all, is a technological age, France appears to be doing better than most of us."

So who are the young people still competing for the traditional university education? One study shows that nearly 50 percent of the students at four professional faculties were children of professional and managerial fathers, compared with 22.6 percent who were sons and daughters of industrial workers.

Kerry Stokes: "I favor those who have worked for their qualifications outside formal schooling. They're the ones with the motivation to succeed."

At the University of New South Wales, Dr Shirley Smith, an authority in the field of sociology in education, listens to the responses we received and feels a quotation coming on: "The world is full of celebrated people who were born stupid and will remain so for the rest of their lives," she says.

"And while that's probably not fair in this case, what I'm saying is that society's perception of success is a bit doubtful. What about the great doctors and scientists and even architects who are unobtrusively improving the quality of our lives?

"Today the entrepreneur is king because success is judged in mercenary terms. The very reason why most entrepreneurs remain entrepreneurs is that they don't have the education to pursue success in a professional field."

And while she thinks the business whizz kids doing it on instinct alone are a threatened species, she also has a few doubts about higher education's ability to replace them with someone of the correct balance.

"Higher education can be an actual handicap in these fields," she says, "because up to and including matriculation, the students who do well are the ones who don't ask too many questions. Even with very difficult concepts, the ones who do well are the ones who learn the teacher's view off by heart and don't attempt to question or understand it. Matriculation exams, which determine who goes on to tertiary education, don't require a good thinking brain, they require a good memory. It is a test of being able to regurgitate in three hours what you've learned off by heart from your teacher."

Even in the university system, many graduates owe their degrees to perpetuating the views, and even prejudices, of their tutors.

It is really not until the level of research degrees that the successful are necessarily the most talented. And it is in this field that Australian universities are recognised as among the best in the world.

If graduates are losing ground to on-the-job trainees, why is there still such keen competition for university places? Well, if you want to enter a profession such as medicine or law, you have no choice but to attend university. But in an age of fairly narrow specialisation, you won't automatically emerge sophisticated and cultured. A common criticism is that graduates end up being experts in one area and ignorant of almost everything else.

And status, of course, can't be discounted as a major attraction. We like to think of Australia as a classless society where all men are equal. But every country has its sacrosanct institutions, its centres of influence that shape societies and help to determine a nation's destiny. Australia is no exception. It has a well developed and influential establishment which pervades the upper echelons.

The past four prime ministers were all graduates (Bob Hawke and Malcolm Fraser were both Oxford scholars). More than 60 percent of the ministers in the current Hawke Government went to university and so did four of the six state premiers. The pattern is repeated in most overseas countries.

The bottom line, then, is this. If you are smart and money is your goal, skip university and go to work. But if it's the respect and conformity of a profession you want, or just the chance of rubbing shoulders with the establishment and the influential, university is the obvious choice for you.

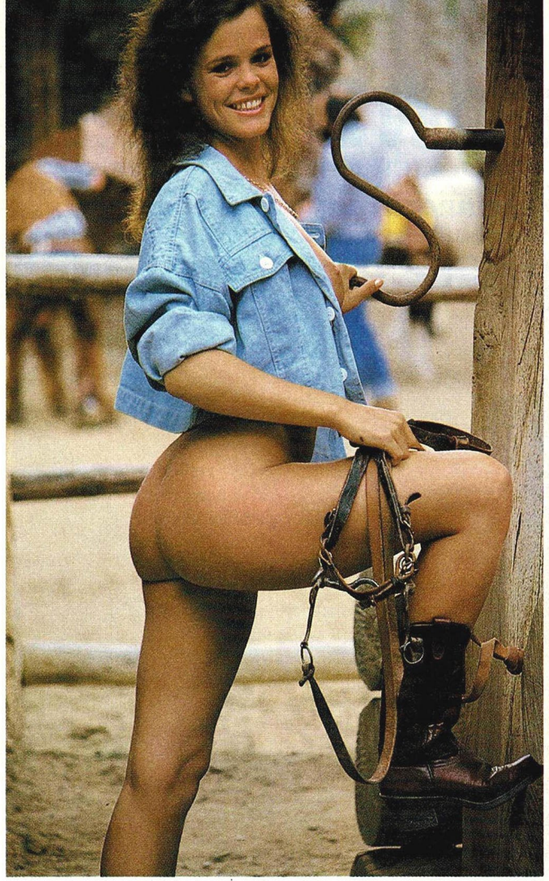
Of course, it's not necessary to be committed to a lifetime of either tycoon or scholar. The conspicuously successful Alan Bennett, of *Beyond The Fringe* fame, says he regarded his degree as "a kind of inoculation. I got just enough education to make me immune to it for the rest of my life."

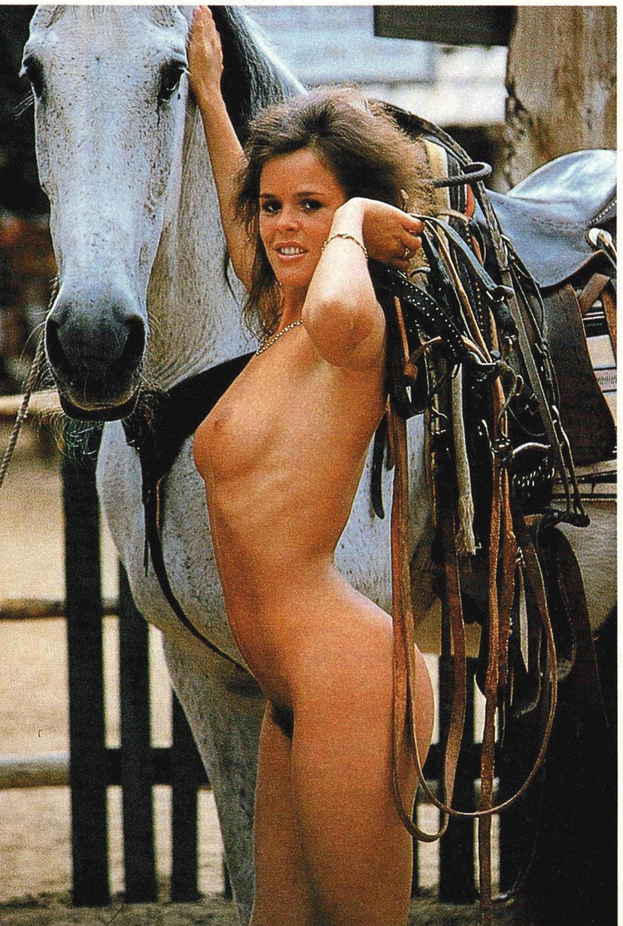
VAGABOND

Carefree Iris Knevel would be a winner in any great race.

Sultry Iris Knevel has spent the past couple of years working as a jillaroo and strapper at properties and stud farms. "I grew up with horses," she says, "and I've never liked the idea of living in a big city. When I left school I decided that I wanted to see more of the country so I just set off and I've been lucky enough to find work all over the place." Iris usually spends a couple of months at a station or horse stud, takes a week or two off to visit her parents, then she's away again to a new job.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HERIBERT BREHM





"I know it's a gypsy existence," Iris admits, "but I just love being with horses and I'm hoping to improve my riding so I can compete in races." Iris claims she can outride most of the men she has worked with, and she'd like to break into the world of commercial racing. "More and more women jockeys are winning races. It's no longer a male-dominated profession and most of the old prejudices about female jockeys are being broken down." Meanwhile, however, Iris is happy with her easy, vagabond lifestyle.

"I meet a lot of men," she says. "I haven't found the right one yet but he will have to share my love of horses. He doesn't have to be a big, muscular type but he must be strong-willed and a hard worker. I don't like men who can't make decisions or who don't know what they want from life. I find success and determination very seductive qualities in a man." But what about settling down? "Not yet!" she scoffs. "I enjoy my freedom too much. There's just nothing like the carefree, outdoor life."

GIRL TALK

What do women say about men? Anything and everything!

Article by
SUSAN SQUIRE

ILLUSTRATION BY GAYLE KABAKER

MEN, BE WARNED: among themselves, women will discuss you wherever, whenever, and with perfect strangers. There is no subject we engage in so readily. While you spent your six-year-old summers dissecting cicadas, we were side by side on our backyard swings taking turns naming our future children and what our husbands would do for a living. When you were 11 and playing junior footie, we were setting each other's hair and scheming to get your attention. When you were 16 and greasing old cars, we were cloistered in each other's bedrooms smoking clandestine cigarettes and wondering how far we should allow you to go with us. What else did we do at slumber parties but giggle and whine and worry about you? What else do we do now, at 20 and 30 and 40?

Of course, what we talk about varies with our age, experience and marital status. But there are common denominators. First off, talking is usually synonymous with complaining. Among themselves, women are fearlessly and harshly judgemental about men, taking in every detail from the state of your fingernails to the state of your mind and scrutinising you mercilessly. When we're not complaining we're trying to second-guess your actions, interpret your words, figure you out or, as one 30-year-old woman put it, "make you more paranoid about us".

What exactly *do* women talk about?

KNICKERS

Jenny is 32 and has just slept with Tommy. "Thank God," she says, "he wore Y-fronts and not those skimpy bikinis, sign of the narcissist."

"Oh, Jenny, *Y-fronts*," groans Kathy, 34. "How fatherly. How yuppie. How straight."

"Not fatherly at all. My father's were always solid white or light blue, the kind that came in packages. But Tommy's were striped in great colors. Designer Y-fronts, made in Italy no less." No one is surprised that Jenny would have checked out the label.

It's not just the over-thirties who like Y-fronts. "They're the cutest," says Michelle, 22. "Bikinis are a definite problem. I went out with a guy once who had really ugly underwear, in this garish orange color. It was a complete turn-off. It indicated *very* bad taste. I never went out with him again."

"Ugh, what about guys with greying old undies?" shudders Cassie, 24. "Don't they realise that we notice? I would never wear dirty old underwear to go out with someone I think I may sleep with. You have to wonder about the rest of him if he's that much of a slob."

"I won't go down on someone with yucky underwear," says Laurel, 27, "because I'm afraid he'll smell like dirty jeans. Or shit. But sometimes they do anyway even with decent underwear. I hate that. We're always worrying about how we smell; why don't they? They'd probably get head more often if they did."

"No underwear's pretty sexy," says Terri, 23. "If he's in jeans or shorts or something casual and takes them off and there he is. But it's weird if he's wearing a suit. Then it seems like he's trying too hard."

BODY PARTS

"Please don't write about this," begs Pauline, 37. "My friends and I have told men for years that we don't really care about penis size, just so they won't get all paranoid about it. The women of this world do not need any more

men who have erection problems."

"I look at their hands and especially their thumbs," says Wendy, 35.

"I look at their noses," says Lauren, 31. "Big Italian noses are pretty good bets."

"I've found that short, stocky guys have the thickest ones, and I'll take thickness over length," says Peggy, 30.

"But there are lots of guys who are not well-endowed who know what to do with what they've got."

"In any case, I never let on to a man that there's something less than perfect about his equipment," says Karen, 34. "No matter what, I tell him he's got a beautiful one. That's the best way to get him to relax and really make love well. You have to be supportive, even if you're secretly disappointed."

"My friends call me the Size Queen," says Connie, 38. "Ten years ago I wouldn't admit to it, because we weren't supposed to care, but now — what the hell, I care, I *care*. I look at his crotch, and if it's not bulging I won't go out with him. I've made some mistakes, but usually I'm right. I tip my friends off, too.

"I'll be in a roomful of people and I may say to a woman friend, 'Did you see the guy in the blue shirt?' and she'll always know what I mean, even though sometimes she's too scared to look. Once I met one of my boyfriends' fathers and I went wild. He was 70 years old and wearing a caftan and I could tell it was *huge*."

TRADE-OFFS

"I wouldn't mind a more exciting man who didn't fall asleep at 10 o'clock every night and was more interested in sex," says Molly, 35, married eight years. "But what's the point of trading him in if there's no one else to go to? He's sweet, and good to me, and I don't care to be on my own at this point in my life, thank you."

"Michael's not it for me, I know that," says Suzanne, 38 and single. "But I continue to see him because it's nice to have someone around, and I don't like to be without a man in the summer. I'll wait until autumn to break it off."

"Sometimes I'm in tears because I'm so sick of being alone," says Norah, 37. "But I worry that I'll just settle because I want someone so badly. If he's halfway acceptable and has a fairly decent career, I don't care if he's not that ambitious. I'm prepared to pretend passion and sort of go into automatic pilot just to be done with this exhausting business of dating and then have the man disappear on you at the exact moment when you think things may work out for once."

MONEY, HONEY

Older women such as Melissa, 38, complain about men who won't pay their own way, who "sponge off you financially, come for the weekend and announce that they don't have much money, meaning you're going to pick up the dinner bills and the groceries and provide the room as well."

Women in their twenties fully expect their dates to take care of all bills and consider it an insult if he doesn't. "When the bill comes I'll ask what's my share or offer to help him with it," says Denise, 23, "but I always expect him to refuse my offer. In most cases I consider him a real scrooge if he accepts. The only time I'd insist on splitting the bill is if I get halfway through dinner and realise I don't want to be with him. Then it's a signal to him that I'm not interested."

"My first date with this very rich guy was for lunch," says Nicole, 24, "and afterwards he took me shopping and bought me a $600 leather outfit. I figured so what, the guy can afford it. And he'd always take me to dinner at expensive places. But he ignored the little things. In the morning after we'd spend the night together, he would never ask to take me to breakfast, which I thought was very strange. Once I was fixed up with someone else by a mutual friend, who warned me that the guy didn't have much money. The guy came to my door holding a white cane, wearing dark glasses, and bearing this ornate tray with champagne in an ice bucket and a three-course Hungarian meal. I was impressed that he put that much thought into the evening, much more impressed than I was with the guy who bought me the $600 outfit. I mean, that's nice, but boring. Anyone with lots of money can spend it, but just spending it on you doesn't show you that you're really special."

SENSITIVE MAN OR WIMP?

"Where are the Cary Grants of today?" wails Suzanne, 38 and single. "I never come across men with any strength of character, any real backbone. Mostly it's married cowards who put their rings in their pockets. There's deception everywhere."

"I can't tell you how many 44-year-old emotional cripples are running around out there," says Sally, 35. "They expect to be waited on like you're their mother — they have a prince complex. They think the world centres around them, and that's where the relationship usually ends. Either you get fed up with them, or they find a better mother somewhere else."

Alison, 30 and recently married, believes that "behind every man who thinks of himself as a great lover is a *major wimp*." She says of her ex-live-in boyfriend, Stanley: "He made a big deal of all the women he's had in the past, to show how desirable he was, but he was one of the most sexually insecure men I've ever known, and obviously uncomfortable with women. If I didn't feel like having sex one night, he would hound me incessantly and demand to know why. He couldn't accept the fact that I just wasn't into it at the moment. Of course, the more he bugged me the more I denied him, and then he'd insist we stay up all night discussing it. He made such a big deal about it, which only belittled him in my eyes. A man who feels threatened by a woman who turns him down sexually is a wimp."

DOING IT

"He kissed like a *frog*!" Susie, 23, is describing her date of the night before to the howls of her friends. They ask her what she means and she starts making frog faces and fish faces. Men who don't know how to kiss — who are slobbery or don't use their tongues well, for example — are always game for ridicule. How a man kisses is evaluated carefully by women of all ages as a clue to how he will make love.

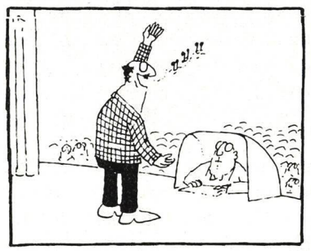
"I hate guys who stick their tongues down your throat immediately," says Meg, 25. "That tells you all you need to know about their other techniques."

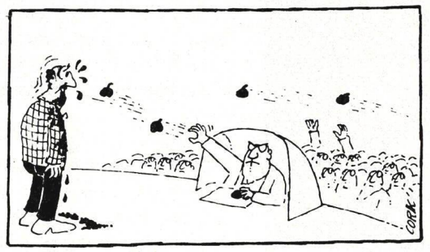
"Fred was the best kisser I've ever been with — the best of everything sexually," says Lucy, 31. "He was so creative. He'd run his tongue over my gums or suck my lower lip or pull my tongue into his mouth, but everything real slow and deep. He's also the only guy I could stand to get anywhere near my ear — everyone else would just slurp and drool into it and then wonder why I wasn't beside myself with passion."

"Let me tell you about Alan," says Kim, 22. "He's a uni graduate, working as a solicitor for a leading law firm, great looking, lots of money, the whole bit. In bed he's a total moron. Acts like he's about nine years old, grabbing and fingering like we're back in high school with five minutes to go in the back seat, and then he says, 'You have *incredible boobies*.' Boobies! What kind of insane baby word is that? Just 'cause of that I can't go out with him anymore."

"After sex," says Maria, 22, "Ron would do these stupid routines, like stand before the mirror nude and do the Richard Gere/*American Gigolo* act."

Christie, 26, voices a common complaint about an ex-lover that cuts across lines of age and circumstance: "He'd always reach for the box of Kleenex afterwards and would literally throw it on my stomach as if I were the maid and I was supposed to clean up. That really bothered me."





The older the woman, the more accepting she is of boyish, though not crude, behavior in bed. "Usually sex can be so dreary and serious with men over 30," says Diana, 35. "They're hung up about their performance, your performance, their ex-wives, their fathers, God knows what. It's nice when you can have fun in bed. When a man is really playful and uninhibited, it can be very endearing and very sexy. One of my favorite lovers would occasionally instigate a pillow fight before sex. Seems childish, but we really let loose, and the sex was always intense afterwards."

THE OLD DOUBLE STANDARD

"Girls are damned if you do and damned if you don't," complains Leanne, 22, who's just left teachers college. "Guys are into this nice girl/bad girl thing, especially cute yuppie guys with money, because usually girls fall all over them. Like this one guy, Ted, slept with a friend of mine and then told all his friends, don't sleep with her, she's a slut."

Ashley, an unusually confident Year 12 student, and her friends retaliate in the old-fashioned way: They play hard to get. "My criterion about having sex is how much of an effort he makes to be with me. He has to run the gauntlet even if I know right away I want to sleep with him. I start the game between the first meeting and the first date. Take this one guy I met at a party. I gave him my number but made sure not to leave the party with him because I wanted him to sweat for my company and I didn't want to be talked about.

"He called a few days later. My sister answered the phone, and I told her to tell him I was out even though I was sitting right there. I wanted to see how soon he'd call back, because that's a clue to how much he wants to see me. He called the next day, so I got on the phone and agreed to go out with him."

Ashley, who lost her virginity at 16 with "a much older guy", will require at least four "very well thought-out, very creative dates" and "no hassling" before she'll consider sleeping with him, although she'll definitely allow for some "fooling around, but never to the point of being naked".

Leanne and her flatmate, Jodie, 23, say the double standard is only maintained by young men. "Older" men (over 30), according to Jodie, are "less judgemental about sex, and they bide their time about it. They come on real worldly and sophisticated and try to intimidate you. They'll say, 'Come on, let's be grown-ups about this. Don't think you can get away with all the little games you play with your young boyfriends. You and I knew from the start where we were heading.' I try to ignore them or pretend I don't know what they're talking about, and since they're always trying to act cool and detached, they usually don't push it."

HANG-UPS

Annie, 36, has "specialised" in younger guys since she was 30; her current boyfriend is 22. They have less experience to get anxious about, so the sex is usually better, even if you have nothing to talk about. "You've heard the joke about the woman who had sex with a 17-year-old? You know, if you have seven seconds I'll tell you about it? But a sweet young guy who comes fast seems full of desire and really turned on, while men my age have slept with 3000 women and have had so many problems it's like hey, what a drag. There are men who do multiplication tables in their head so they can last a long time and make you come, but they haven't the faintest idea how that works or that they're driving you up the wall. They don't understand that sometimes you're just not gonna come no matter what, and in the meantime you can lose all the skin on your vagina."

Julie, 24, reports a "weird" experience with this "rich Melbourne guy, about 30, the silent type, who seemed to fancy himself as a James Bond. Sexually, he could go for like three hours and never come. I'd call my girlfriends and ask them if it was my fault, what did it mean, and none of them could figure it out. My male friends said it had never happened to them. I'd say sarcastically, 'Do you think you're the bionic man or something?' and he seemed to think that was a compliment. We made love three times on three different occasions, and he never came. I'd get bored, sore and tired, and think there has to be an end to this, but there never was. So it's not my dream to have a man who's endlessly hard." But then Julie, like many younger women, hasn't yet come across a man who's endlessly soft.

"It makes me angry when they can't get it up. It's so goddamned irritating," says Jennifer, 33. "Especially when they try to convince you to go to bed with them and then they can't do it. It feels like a tease — a cunt-tease. It makes me want to scream. But you can't scream because all your life you're taught that men's sexual egos are fragile and you have to pamper them, and it could be dangerous if they have a sexual breakdown in your bed. You're supposed to be understanding and supportive.

"It's not that I can't be sympathetic; I'm sure if I were a man there'd be lots of times I couldn't get it up just because some days can leave you feeling burnt out. But most men won't consider the fact that being flaccid also indicates ambivalence about being with you. They refuse to acknowledge the ambivalence. They always say it's because they're too tired or too drunk. And of course, always, *always*, it's the first time it ever happened to them. Which you know is a lie, or you have to think it's a lie, otherwise it means there's something wrong with you."

Women try to talk about men's sexual problems in generalities because a) unless he's a galah you don't want to expose him to your friends because it's just too cruel, and b) his failure to perform seems denigrating of you as well. Nevertheless, indiscretions do happen. "Remember Robert?" says my friend Suzanne, 29. Of course I remember Robert. Suzanne had regaled me with tales of his wondrous lovemaking, his chivalry, his adoration of the female body, his enthusiasm about cunnilingus even during her period. But they'd stopped going out a few years back, so it seemed safe to talk now. "You know this image he had of being this manly Italian Romeo. It turns out he was just. . . flagging. There were times it was halfway there, but not enough to work with. But I wouldn't tell anyone because I was sure it was just me, since he had this great reputation.

"I told a friend of mine to be sure to screw him if she ever had the opportunity because he was so terrific, but the truth was, I wanted to find out if he had the problem with her too. She did screw him and I asked her how he was and she said great, even though he was really drunk at the time, which usually means even the best of them are in trouble. Then I knew it must be me. But now I wonder. . . maybe she said he was fine because she didn't want me to think it was *her*. Maybe that's how the myth of him being a sexual god gets maintained."

THE OTHER WOMAN

Other women tend to be older women. "Doesn't he realise how manipulative she's being, with all that if-you-leave-me-I'll-never-emerge-from-the-house-again shit?" explodes Tanya, 30. She is talking about Carl, her married lover, and his wife, Jan. Carl has told Jan (who knows, or pretends to know, nothing about Tanya) that he's unhappy with the marriage. Jan has countered by getting hysterical. Now he's all torn up and guilty. Keeps saying what a saint she's been all these years, and now all she does is cry and it's all his fault. "My biggest fear," she says, "is that she's stopped taking birth-control pills without telling him, and she'll manage to get pregnant, and then he'll never leave her. Carl insists that she would never try to trick him. He says it's 'not her style'. But men are so obtuse about women."

Jean, 34, tells about the time she helped her married lover, Mark, run a few Saturday errands, including a drop-off of his wife's cast-off clothes at the local Salvation Army outpost. "Of course I checked out all her stuff. She didn't have very good taste — too many pastel colors, too many synthetic fabrics. But later that day I went back alone and bought one of her blouses and took it home and played voodoo with it. I mean I literally stuck pins in it and chanted evil prayers. Sick, maybe, but it gave me some satisfaction, which this kind

(continued on page 82)

This Melbourne undercover agent's life story reads like a Le Carre novel. But who does he really work for?

Article by PHIL ACKMAN

ERICKSEN

ACE OF SPIES

THE FIRST TIME Tom Ericksen, ace of spies, came in from the cold his useless body was cramped in a stolen wheelchair as he rowed himself along a hospital corridor with a mop. With a bullet in the back and a gaping wound that spat out fragments of lead for five months, Ericksen was washed up, or so everyone believed. After all, even in Ericksen's murky world a bullet in the spine was held to be quite a sacrifice.

It wasn't the end, of course, only another beginning. Ericksen, the ace of spies, was just 22. In those days the spy business was on an austerity drive. He hadn't moved into a bullet-proof suburban fortress complete with riot guns, security cameras, barbed wire and associates wearing thin ties and white shirts and 9mm Walther P5 revolvers with hollow nose bullets that ricochet around inside a body until the vitals resemble diced fruit salad in embalming fluid sauce.

Ericksen hadn't met the PLO brothers, Yasser and Fathi Arafat, at this time. He didn't even have a Jeep Cherokee with armor-plated doors, reinforced ramming bars and three different sorts of radios to call out the cavalry on the remote chance the bad guys ever got the upper hand.

He was, in fact, in a clapped-out government Holden (though the registration sticker might have shown some obscure trading company as the owner) and with another agent he was inching along Victoria Street in the yet-to-cash-in-on-the-property-boom suburb of North Melbourne where, on the basis of information received, a narcotics deal was about to take place.

Ericksen was just 22 when he spied the narc dealer through the Holden windshield. He slewed the Holden into the footpath and sprang on to the street, only to be assailed by the very strange sensation of a piece of hot lead burrowing its way into his ample back. Then the whole world suddenly became slow motion and started to hurt and they told him — in the nicest possible way of course — that he could be paralysed from the waist down. No more gun-play, Mr Ericksen. Now just take this pill.

•

"I don't like killing now. I haven't killed anything for 15 or 16 years. Drug dealers need killing. It's the only way of guaranteeing the non-continuance of their operations.

"And there's a bloody simple way of stopping the dealers if you really wanted to, and no one does of course. If they're convicted — and you give them three clear goes — then you tattoo them on the face with a big 'D' so that anyone who meets them knows what they are. I think they're the major people to be killed. They're the ones who murder children."

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The real beginning was eight years and a hundred midnight rendezvous earlier when

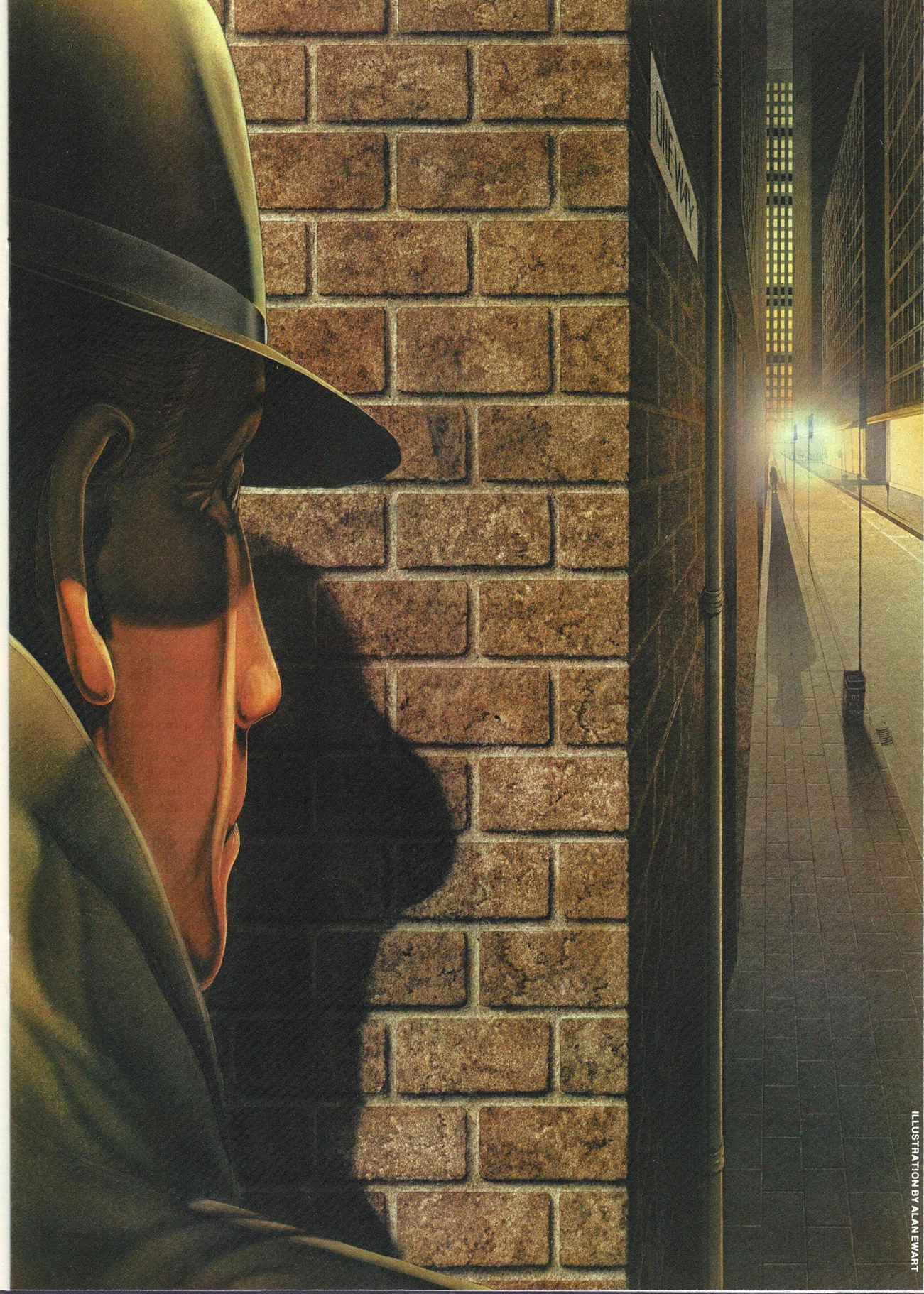

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN EWART

this policeman's son, complete with Christian Brothers school uniform and short back and sides haircut, reported for duty at the Attorney-General's Department, which any spy-watcher will tell you was the usual cover for ASIO. Except this particular honorable schoolboy really did work for the Attorney-General's Department, running messages and buying sandwiches and buns for two Supreme Court judges.

He was 14½ when a lump of a man tore out of a court laneway and biffed the young Ericksen on the jaw. Our trainee ace of spies responded by delivering a furious kicking to his assailant. And then discovered, as a mob of police rounded the corner, that he was a hero and the man lying at his feet, an escapee.

And so Thomas Ericksen became schoolboy assistant to a certain Mr Adcock who worked out of one little room in the city with a picture of the king on the wall and a bare desk and one phone. Mr Adcock had meetings, dozens of them, with all manner of people. He was, of course, vintage spook. He worked (and later died) for an organisation that didn't exist. Master Ericksen sat in the waiting room of this man that never was. He noted who came in and who went out and he listened to what they said to each other in the perfectly harmless company of a 14-year-old boy.

Then he was sent round to "stinks and bangs", a chemical lab where he learned certain alarming skills such as how to cut open a can of food, inject it with poison and reseal it. He discovered that a dash of hydrochloric acid in a glass of water makes a nice lime drink. "Just a dash, mindya. You use a teaspoonful if you want to kill someone."

Nor was Master Ericksen the sole schoolboy on this unlikely trail. Harvey Bates, later to head the Federal Narcotics Bureau, was a fellow traveller. Another boy would become a priest. And another with sad eyes and Prime Minister Menzies for a neighbor would slip from view.

Remember they were children, these junior spies and agents, children for whom food poisoning was a goal, hydrochloric acid a drink, eavesdropping a skill. And so it came about that Ericksen became a Customs agent, though the identity of his real paymaster can only be guessed.

He was there the night a fellow agent was stabbed three times in the back; present and accounted for during the first Griffith drug bust 15 years before Donald MacKay brought that town into the spotlight.

If it was quick, dirty and unofficial, the honorable schoolboy and associates could not be far away.

•

"The security fence and the cameras, the special gate, they're not to keep you out. They're to draw a line. You can't come past unless I let you. And if you do, you should expect the worst.

"You have to go through a discussion with the dogs. There's the dobermans at the gate. They'll bring you down, pull your throat out. If you beat them, the shepherd waits in ambush. And the bull mastiffs are always around the house. Six dogs outside patrolling all night. Then there are the Mexican mouse hounds [he points to the two chihuahuas dozing in his lap]. They're the doorbell.

"Also the Remington riot guns. You have to keep those because the law says a watchman can have one. The Walther P5 pistols. We've never had one jam yet. The Diamond Back Colt .38 Special. And there's 10 bows and arrows and one crossbow."

Ericksen (left) and Co: "We're the sane ones."

•

After that night in '61 when our wheelchair-bound spy rowed out of the Alfred Hospital with a mop handle as propulsion, a pension as company and a broken body as memento, things were to change dramatically. He caught a cab, and he hurried into a new life with his wounded body healing slowly. Disregarding the diagnosis that he was probably paralysed, he learned to walk again in nine painful months.

Ericksen became an insurance salesman and before he had turned 25 he could add another adjective to the alarming list that already described him: he became a millionaire.

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"I remember in about 1963, I made £23,000 commission in one night. I had gone to this beautiful three-storey home in Toorak to sell a million-pound policy and while I was there standing around with all the other salesmen, in walks this 14 stone, farting blue heeler and gets straight on to a Louis XIV chair.

"I figured this dog had to be pretty important so I talked to Bluey while the rest of the guys sold insurance. The client's wife saw me being nice to the dog and offered to make me a cup of tea in the kitchen. While I was drinking it, the other guys all left and in walked the client himself.

"He asked, 'Why should I buy an insurance policy from you and not them,' and I said, 'Because I'm still here and they're gone.'"

•

Our pensioned-off spy who was cut down almost before he was old enough to shave acquired an office which he shared with a pair of homosexual private detectives. Before long, and by some complex and undefined path, the business was Ericksen's so that then he could add private investigator to his other more clandestine credentials.

And surprise, surprise, he got a visit from his old mates round at Customs, if that was where they really worked. Their request amounted to using his office, letterhead and telephone for their purposes. In the spy world this is known as "natural cover". The Ericksen private detective agency might even have been regarded as a safe house.

"It sort of grew from there," Ericksen recalls. "They even started using my agents and we had a notorious Italian counterfeiter who used to make documents for us. We printed our own bank cheques and identity cards and we did a lot of very successful operations."

So now the honorable schoolboy had become something of a freelance government agent, a sort of spook's vanguard to the Liberal Party's constant calls for privatisation. It was Ericksen, for instance, who broke a legendary Chinese "chicken" man and who discovered the ghastly business of internal "between the cheeks" searches could be sidestepped for $27.

In Ericksen's strange half-world this is how it's told: a lonely dock late at night, the grey, greasy waves slapping at the rusted sides of some Asian freighter. Our honorable schoolboy-turned-public eye and a Chinese crewman are in urgent discussion, bargaining over a heroin (chicken, in the jargon) transaction.

Back-up agents crouch behind crates and ghostly cranes; official cars idle quietly in

(continued on page 105)

STEPPIN' OUT

Look out World, here comes Gold Coast girl Sandy Walker!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

Surfers Paradise seems like the most perfect place on earth for a girl like 19-year-old Sandy Walker. Sun, sea, long beaches; what else could she ask for?

Living just off the Gold Coast's main drag but close enough to the beach to keep trim and tanned right through the year, Sandy divides her spare time between water-skiing on the Broadwater between Southport and Brisbane and horseriding at local schools or with friends in the mountains nearby.

Spare time? Well, a part-time model needs all the sun she can get. Throw in a bit of fashion work, some newspaper photographics, and you'd figure Sandy had close to an ideal lifestyle, but as far as she's concerned, her horizons are just beginning to open up.

"I haven't been anywhere really," she says. "It's one of my lifelong ambitions to go to Europe and England and see what it's all about. I'm quiet and independent, but I know there's a big world out there and I'd like to find out a bit more about it."

Working with Australian PLAYBOY and the possibilities of more modelling are just part of her ambition, but she's not about to head blindly into the glamorous world of fashion and forget the more important things in her life.

"I love men who show me a lot of affection. I need to be hugged and touched. I have to be the most important one in my man's life. I guess it's a need to feel secure."

"A lot of my friends seem to get a bit jealous of my work, but if I had to choose I'd rather have my friends than be a model. I like people to be natural and friendly."

If her modelling doesn't take up too much time, next on the agenda is owning her own boutique. "I've always wanted to be around clothes, and wear different bits and pieces all the time," she says. "I love new designs, but deep down, I'm a bit of a country girl and love just hanging around in jeans and sloppy joes. Whatever suits the occasion."

Casual, of course, is the name of the game in Surfers Paradise, and Sandy likes her men that way as well.

"I usually take men first up on their looks," she says. "I like a casual look, say a man in jeans and a big woolly jumper, rather than someone in a suit. And their face and hair are important, too. I look at a man's eyes, lips and hair. Mainly at the eyes.

"I like a man who's happy, who jokes around a bit. Someone who can take me being a bit crazy too. But not someone who's putting on an act just to please me. Above all he's got to be natural."

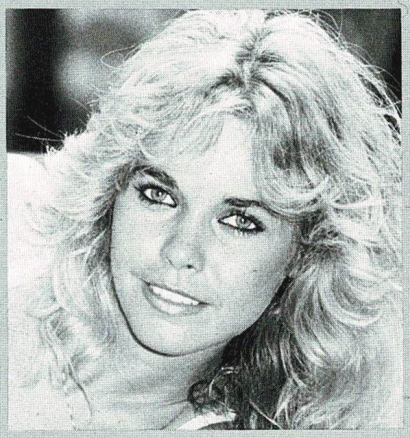
That's the way it goes on the Gold Coast: natural, casual. Sounds like the perfect place to be.

"Sex is important, but it's not half of it in a total relationship. Although, when it's happening, you should be there totally. I fantasise a lot when I make love. It adds to the excitement."

MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Sandy Walker



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Sandy Walker

BUST: 86cm (34") WAIST: 58cm (23") HIPS: 86cm (34")

HEIGHT: 168cm WEIGHT: 54kg SIGN: Aries

BIRTH DATE: 23·3·66

AMBITIONS: To travel the world and be happy

TURN-ONS: Seafood, a loving boyfriend, country life fresh air, the beach.

TURN-OFFS: Untidy people, city life, cold days, crowds

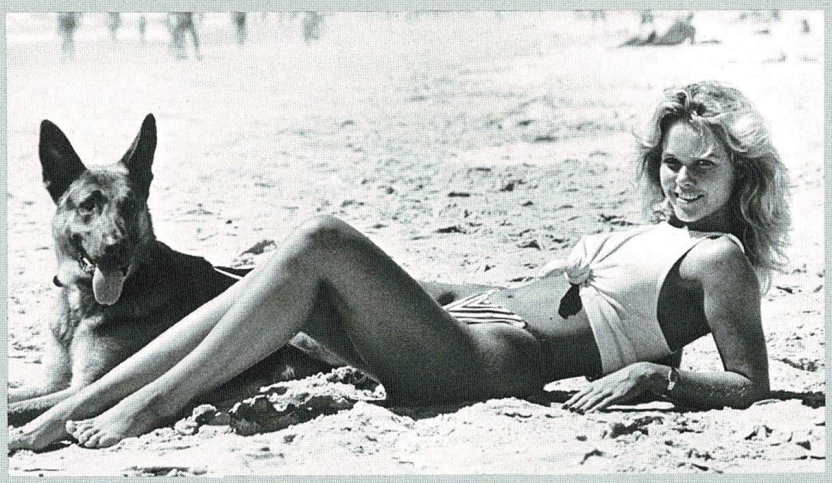
FAVORITE BOOKS: Jaws, Story of O

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Mel Gibson, Wham, Phil Collins Bruce Springsteen

FAVORITE SPORTS: Jogging, Water-Skiing, Horse-riding

IDEAL MAN: A man with a wonderful sense of humour, who's warm hearted and affectionate

SECRET FANTASY: To water-ski naked from Brisbane to Surfers Paradise and back.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The village doctor was asked to give a lecture on sexual satisfaction to his local branch of the Country Women's Association. He decided he'd better tell his rather prudish wife that the subject of his talk would be aeronautics.

The following day, one of the CWA members stopped the doctor's wife in the local store and congratulated her on her husband's wonderful lecture.

"We're all going to be much happier women," she gushed, "and you're so lucky to have such an expert for a husband."

"Funny you should call him an expert," came the puzzled reply. "You see, he's only been up twice. The first time he was terribly sick and the second time his glasses fell off."

Young Geoff looked inside his girlfriend's low-cut blouse and drooled, "Boy, I'd like to have those. I'd keep them in a solid gold frame."

Then he looked under her skirt and said, "Gee, I'd love to have that. I'd put it in a sterling silver frame."

His girlfriend, Sally, then reached inside his pants and exclaimed, "Gosh, I wish I could keep this. I'd have it enlarged!"

Major Brown was inspecting a commando unit. The troops stood rigidly at attention and the tough officer could find no fault in their uniforms or bearing.

As Major Brown strolled along the front row, swagger stick under his arm, he suddenly stomped very hard on one of the men's feet. There was no response.

"Did that hurt?" he barked.

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"I am a commando, sir."

Pleased by this answer, the major moved along the row. To his astonishment he noticed a stiff penis sticking out. He briskly belted the protruding organ with his swagger stick and then looked the soldier in the eye.

"Did that hurt?" he challenged.

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"It belongs to the bloke behind me, sir!"

One cold Sunday morning an elderly lady noticed her neighbor walking around his backyard wearing nothing more than a pyjama jacket.

She leaned over the fence and called out, "Hey George, what's the idea?"

"The wife's making me do it," he grumbled. "The other day I went down to the corner shop without a scarf and I got a stiff neck. . ."

Alice was becoming frustrated by her husband's insistence that they make love in the dark. Hoping to free him of his inhibitions, she flipped on her reading lamp one passionate night only to find him with a dildo in his hand.

"Is *this*," she asked, pointing to the instrument, "what you've been using on me for the past five years?"

"Sweetheart, let me explain. . ."

"Why, you sneaky bastard!" she screamed. "You impotent son of a. . ."

"Speaking of sneaky," her husband interjected coolly, "maybe you'd like to explain our three kids."

While driving along a winding mountain road one night a policeman watched a car swerve all over the place, pass through a guardrail, flip over the edge of a cliff and come to a stop on the valley floor.

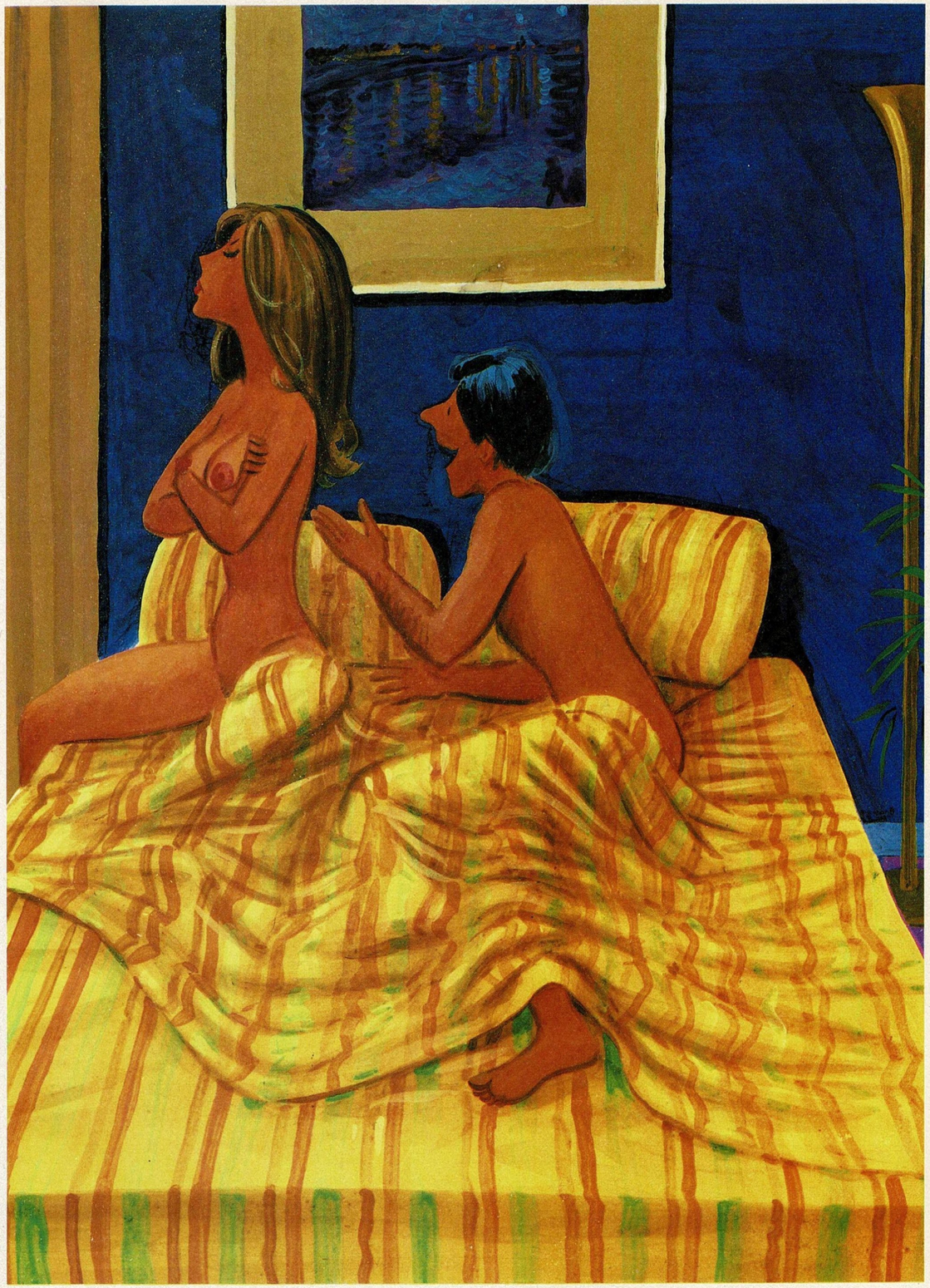
The policeman jumped out of his car, scrambled down the steep incline and hurried to the car.

"Are you all right?" he asked the driver who was stumbling around the wreckage. "Yesh, I'm feeling fine," came the reply.

"Are you drunk?" inquired the policeman.

"Of course I'm bloody drunk," he hiccuped. "Do you think I'm a bloody stunt driver?"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.



"From the moment we met I could think of nothing but making wild, passionate love to you. And that's probably why I can't remember your name."

WITNESS TO RAPE

Helplessly he watched his girlfriend's sexual assault. Now his life would never be the same.

I WATCH AS the man who raped my girlfriend 15 years ago walks toward me in this trendy bar. He is now bloated, with a face so fat that his eyes are pinched into a permanent squint. I rise from my table and motion for him to sit down. He is expressionless; he doesn't remember me, doesn't know who I am or why I've called him to join me. But I remember him. How could I ever forget?

Laurie and I were both at university when it happened. It was a cool Sunday night and we were lying on a blanket beside an isolated lake, kissing, touching. The reflected lights of the nearby town

Article by **R. SATCHELL**

ILLUSTRATION BY ED PASCHKE

shimmered on the water's surface, when three men approached and sat down nearby.

The men studied us briefly, then left, one of them saying, "Sorry to bother you."

"No problem," I said.

Five minutes later two of the men returned. They must have car trouble, I thought. I noticed this time that the men were big, one of them much heavier than my 60 kilos, and they came strangely close to us. "Do you want to share your girl?" the largest one asked. Jesus. "Do you want to share your girl?" he repeated.

"No," I said, hoping that because they were asking that meant they would leave. He then turned to Laurie and asked her if she wanted to fuck them. Her head was bowed, she didn't look up and she said in a choked voice, "No."

According to the police report that would be filed in a few hours, we were only two metres from the lake's edge.

In my fantasies, I have the presence of mind to whisper for her to run into the lake. She is athletic, and as she races into the water I hurl myself at the men's feet in what we used to call a "roadblock" in backyard football. I take out the closest one; the other one doesn't reach her in time. The lake isn't deep but they are too cool to wade in after her. She is safe.

But that is only a fantasy.

"Well, you're going to anyhow," he said, and he motioned to the man standing next to him, who smiled as he slowly poked forward the curved end of a tyre iron he'd been hiding behind a leg. I rose, my breath coming fast. I took a step toward them and was met by the man with the tyre iron, who pushed me to the side and said he wanted to talk to me. The other man walked behind Laurie, who was kneeling on the ground, grabbed her by the neck and pulled her over backward. He choked her and then stopped and started feeling her, saying to just let him take off her clothes, just let him see her body, just let him do it. She pleaded with him to stop as he pulled her pants off.

"I can take you without this," the man with me said, and threw the tyre iron down between us, just a few feet away. He weighed at least 15 kilos more than me. I took a step forward as I told him I didn't want to fight, and managed to locate the tyre iron with a foot. He was about a metre away, his fists poised, unaware. I knew that if I went for the iron and failed, he might kill me.

My fantasy is always in slow motion. I grab the tyre iron and feint a blow to his head. Both of his hands come up to ward off the blow and to grab the iron away from me, but instead I swing it low with all my strength, hitting the sweet spot of his knee from the side, breaking his leg. He falls heavily on the ground, writhing in pain. I walk slowly, purposefully toward the other man, his eyes always widening in fear as I approach, as I cock the iron like a bat and bring it down, time after time after time.

But that is only a fantasy.

He was too quick, too close, or I was too slow; as I grabbed the iron he was on me. We wrestled, both holding the iron, but he soon was on top of me, choking me with it.

He let up and got off me. "If you move again, I'll bust your head," he said. He made me kneel with my back to Laurie, about three metres away from her. I didn't move. He was standing behind me; I knew that if he decided to hit me I would have no warning, no chance.

Laurie was a frenzy of screams and pleas that she was a virgin and that she didn't want to get pregnant; then she was silent. All I heard were his low-pitched grunts and the rustle of people struggling. I tried to calm myself. I remembered to make a mental picture of the two men for the police. I wondered what they would do with us when they were through. I was sure they wouldn't just let us go. I shivered; none of their likely options was desirable.

Several minutes passed, and then I heard the sound of urination directly behind me. The man with the tyre iron was pissing. I decided to run to my car, which was parked about 90 metres away, to get help. There was nothing I could do where I was but listen to Laurie's cries, and if I could escape they would have to split. But I felt as if I were abandoning her, I felt as if I were running in gelatine; I could hear her cry out, this time to me. She didn't know what I was doing.

Question from the prosecution to Laurie during the trial: ". . . Did [the defendant] strike you?"

A. "Yes. . . my boyfriend had started running off. Then I started yelling again and [the defendant] slugged me on the right side of my face up by my eye."

Not running to get help, but running off. Those words seared me during the trial, and they sear me now.

The man with the tyre iron tackled me within 14 metres. He told me if I moved a muscle he would hit me with the iron. I asked him not to get on Laurie when the other guy was through. He didn't answer but asked what she looked like, if she was pretty. I knew better than to say that she was. He then asked if I wanted to get on her, too.

This is a casual act to these two men, I suddenly realise. They believe that they are merely exercising their male rights, that after they're done with her I'll also take my turn, and when I'm done with her we'll shake hands, all pals together, and go our separate ways. And since I took my turn, no one will report it to the police, and she probably secretly enjoyed it all, anyway.

But that is their fantasy.

I told him no. I looked over at her; the man was on top of her in a push-up position, his groin area directly over her head.

The man with the tyre iron prodded me and told me to strip. I did, knowing what this might mean. I heard later from a cop that the man's brother was doing time for raping another man.

Before I found out his plans, though, a set of car lights appeared in the parking lot. Soon a torch beam was coming toward us and I wanted to yell, but I could feel the presence of the man with the tyre iron next to me. We both watched as the torch beamed closer and shone on me, then on him, then on Laurie.

"What the hell is going on here!"

Our two assailants were a blur of motion.

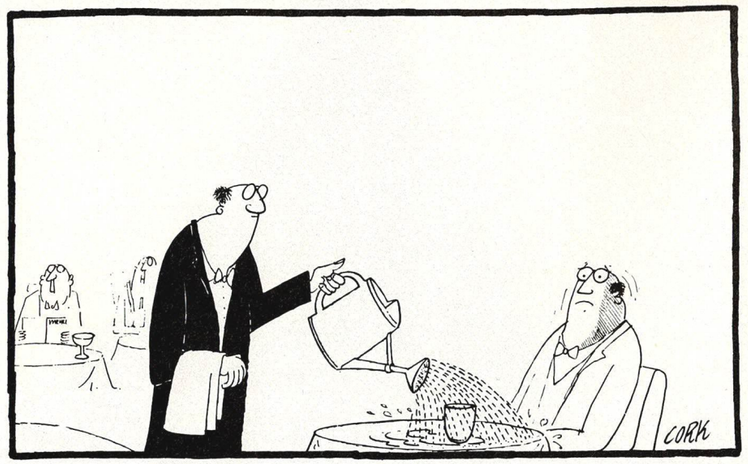
"Look out, this one's got a tyre iron," I yelled.

But they didn't attack him, they raced toward the man's car lights, the only way out.

"Get 'em, Harry!" he yelled. There were people by his car, but the two men sprinted past them.

I whipped into my jeans and idiotically — they were already 140 metres away — took a few strides in their direction. "Get 'em!" I screamed, but no one was going to catch them tonight, not the police with their many cars, which soon rushed to the scene, not the helicopter which was soon flying low over the lake, searchlight slicing the night sky. And not me.

I went back to Laurie, who, covered by our blanket, was crying as she put her



clothes back on. I held her, just as I'd held her so many times before, but this was different — this was no longer the embrace of two teenagers anxious to enjoy each other's touch. It was tainted. She trembled in my arms. The flesh around her right eye was cut and swollen horribly where she had been hit.

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry," was all I could say.

The police came and led us back to their car to take our story. We were taken to headquarters where we looked at mug shots of convicted sex offenders, but we didn't find anyone who looked like our assailants. Later the police photographer came to take a picture of my girlfriend's facial contusions. He asked if I had any injuries. I had a couple of bruises by my collarbone where I had been choked with the tyre iron, but it seemed ridiculous to mention them when Laurie could barely see out of her eye.

"None to speak of."

He said nothing, but his eyebrows lifted.

"So what would you have done, you sonofabitch," I wanted to say but didn't. *"Were you there?"*

"They had a tyre iron," I said weakly.

He said nothing as he snapped her picture, then walked away. The guilt had started. I felt it a few days later when one of my mates told me that no one would ever rape his woman in front of him. "They'd have to kill me first," he said.

"Well, that wouldn't be so smart," I said, "because if they killed you then they'd sure as hell have to kill your girlfriend, too."

"I don't care," he said. "They'd have to kill me."

"Then you're a fucking idiot," I said, and turned away. It was a hell of a lot easier to say you'd make a suicide charge than it was to actually make one. But I couldn't help wondering if he meant what he said.

And I felt the guilt every time I was with Laurie, as well as a new awkwardness. Our relationship had subtly changed, even though we struggled to keep it the same. I didn't know what to say to comfort someone who had gone through this, and my inexperience was intertwined with the fact that I was there and unable to do anything to help her. She told me that I couldn't have done anything differently, but that was little solace because I knew that she wouldn't show or say anything to the contrary. There was nothing she could say to make me feel better — I wouldn't believe her — and there was nothing I could say to soothe her. We had lost the ability to help each other.

We waited to hear from the police.

Their internal reports show that the first break in the case came six days later, when a woman phoned to report that she knew who the two men who were involved in the assault were, and gave their names. She said that one of the men had come to her place that night, breathing very hard, and had asked her flatmate for a ride home. The flatmate, who knew the two men through her boyfriend, complied. The informant told the police that the reason she was calling was because she didn't think it was right for anyone to do what they had done, and because she felt sorry for the girl.

The police had enough evidence to arrest both men when their girlfriends, who had both been lying to protect them, decided to tell the truth. Both men then confessed, but the man with the tyre iron pleaded guilty and was sentenced to a prison term of two to three years. The other man, despite his confession, pleaded innocent. There would be a trial.

The conviction of the man I'll call Lester Rath hinged on whether Laurie and I could identify him, and on whether his confession would be admissible as evidence. Both aspects were complicated; although we had both identified him prior to his arrest from pictures we'd been shown, neither of us identified him in the line-up at police headquarters, and so he was set free until his girlfriend finally broke his alibi a few days later. And his confession was legally suspect because of a technical question involving whether he had waived his right to have his lawyer present at the interrogation.

The guilt had started. One of my mates told me that no one would ever rape his woman in front of him. "They'd have to kill me first," he said.

It was basically on my testimony that the conviction was decided. Laurie testified that she had some doubt about whether Rath was the rapist because she only glanced at the men, and that while her assailant was facing her she "was either looking up at the sky or off to the side or had my eyes closed". My identification of Rath during the trial was somewhat stronger than I really felt it to be — it was dark that night and I hadn't seen him all that well, despite my identification of him from the pictures — but the police had told me that he had confessed, and by the time of the trial I didn't give a damn about civil liberties and legal technicalities. I knew he was guilty and I just wanted him in prison, and I was willing to testify that I was more certain than I really was.

The jury believed me and found Rath guilty. The Supreme Court later sustained his conviction, dismissing his appeal that his confession should not have been admissible, noting that I had identified him, and with my identification the case would have been sufficient to support a guilty verdict even without his admission. I still have no regrets about my testimony.

I later found that Rath was one of the most celebrated high school football players in the district. He had flunked all his exams, however, and had dropped out of both school and sport.

I was sitting in the courtroom's front row on the day he was sentenced to two five-year concurrent terms in jail. He glared at me when he was led out and he scowled and swore under his breath.

But he was free in two years.

The day I left that courtroom I vowed to forget the event, the men, the trial, everything. But I did not, could not, forget.

I hung a black blanket over my bedroom window to shut out the sunlight and to enable me to sleep 12 to 14 hours a day. I skipped lectures, I failed tests, and I went into a depression that lasted for many months. I drifted away from Laurie and didn't even have the grace to break up with her. I just stopped calling her.

And I'm still sorry.

•

I haven't really healed. For years, every time I went home to visit family I would look up the names of our assailants in the phone book to see if they were still in town. Rath always was. At some point I decided that the only way for me to get a second chance was to confront him.

•

On the day I finally meet him, all I remember about Lester Rath is that in 1970 he was big and he was brutal. Is he still? Will he blame me for sending him to prison? My family and friends have told me this is a dangerous mission, but I want to prove that I am not afraid of him. The fact that the situation may be dangerous is what makes it worth doing. Nevertheless, it does occur to me to wonder whether he will be carrying a gun.

I have told him my name on the phone and mentioned that I was working on an assignment for PLAYBOY — and told him that I wanted to interview him. I haven't told him why and he apparently couldn't place my name. He sounded suspicious, but agreed to meet me the next night in a downtown bar.

I arrive at the bar early; I want to find an isolated table, but one still in full view. Twenty minutes later Rath walks in, wearing jeans and a sea-green surgical smock that hangs over his enormous belly. Later he will tell me he's gained 30 kilos since the assault. That seems a conservative estimate.

I stand and motion him over. I feel a mixture of anger and uneasiness. He stares at me impassively as he clumsily pulls the chair out, sits down and lights a cigarette.

I'm careful to start by assuring him I won't use his real name for the article, and that I just want him to answer a few questions. He doesn't move or say a word. I look him in the eye.

"I was the man by the lake in 1970," I say. "That was my girlfriend you assaulted."

He shifts in his chair but doesn't speak, moving only to puff on his cigarette. A waitress asks if he wants a drink and he does. I hope this means he's planning to stay, but he doesn't say anything until a couple of minutes after she delivers his order.

"What questions you got?"

I'm relieved. The obvious question to start with is why he did it.

He pauses, sucking on an ice cube. "That was a long time ago, you know. I really don't know myself. It was a certain event that happened — I did my time, I had a jury trial, at which you and the girl identified me." He takes a drag of his cigarette. "So I felt kind of bad about that. Because you didn't know if it was me or Barker."

I tell him I knew the difference between the two men because he was so much bigger than Barker.

"I wasn't then." That is his first lie. Laurie, according to the police reports, said that the larger of the two men had attacked her, and I remember noticing a striking difference in the size between our assailants. When I later call Barker in Hawaii, he will confirm that the other man was bigger than he was.

"But you were the one with my girlfriend, right?"

"No, I wasn't. Barker was the one with the girl. I was there and I participated, but I wasn't the main factor." That is his second lie. Barker was arrested after his girlfriend identified his comb which, according to the police reports, had been found about three metres to the east of where Laurie was raped, the same spot where I'd scuffled with him. The man who raped Laurie had never been in that area. Barker later tells me on the phone that Rath is lying and although Barker tells me several lies of his own — for instance, that he didn't have a tyre iron, and that he was surprised when Rath assaulted Laurie — there's no question that Rath, not Barker, raped Laurie. It seems that both men have repeated these lies to themselves so many times that they may actually believe them; maybe it's the only way they can live with themselves.

I ask Rath why, if he was the one with me, he confessed to being the one who assaulted Laurie.

At the trial Rath testifies that after he was arrested he was asked by a detective if he had been at the lake that night. From the transcript: " 'Yeah, I was there,' you know. . . He [the detective] said, 'Did you force a girl?' you know. I said, 'Yes. Sort of,' you know. He said, 'You pull her panties down?' I said, 'Yeah. Kind of. Uh-huh.' He said, 'Make her blow you?' I said, 'Well, like she was starting to, you know.' "

He tells me that Barker convinced him to make a false confession by telling him that the courts would go easier on him because Rath's record wasn't as bad as Barker's. He says that he confessed out of friendship to Barker.

This stuns me. And it won't be until later, when I've had time to analyse his remarks, that I realise he is lying.

"That's amazing," I say.

"I'm hip."

I ask what they would have done to us if we hadn't been rescued.

"Nothing, probably. I ain't violent."

Right.

"We were told by the police that there might have been another man watching from the trees that night. Is that true?"

"Couple of them."

I ask whether he blames himself for what happened to his football career, and he says he does, that he was good enough to have played first grade football, "I don't blame nobody but myself," he says. "It's easy to blame someone else."

He seems uncomfortable, nervous. Through most of the interview he sucks on an ice cube, which makes his speech slurred, as if he's drunk. His answers are also often rambling and incoherent, and he frequently stares into the distance, refusing to meet my eyes. I feel that if this is a test of wills, which in some ways it is, I'm winning.

"Have you considered," I say, leaning forward so that my eyes meet his, "that I'm not writing a story at all. . . that I'm really here to get revenge?"

As we talk, I begin to see him not so much as an adversary but as someone to pity. He is a physical wreck who reminds me more of the big fat kid who always got teased than the high school football star. He tells me he's unemployed. He says, "I want to tell you that I'm sorry about what happened. I know that it messed up my life and maybe hers and yours too. . . I'm just sorry it happened to you or anybody."

I show him the color Polaroid picture taken of my girlfriend's face that night, which I had taken from the trial records. He looks at it for a long time, seemingly saddened by it, and says the rape was a bad thing. My anger lessens. He says he wants to get a degree in sociology so he can "save people".

I probably should end the interview now. He honestly seems to regret the rape, and I have whatever satisfaction there is in hearing his apologies, as well as the revenge of seeing how pitiful he has become. But it isn't enough. Even though I know I couldn't have prevented the rape, I'm still haunted by the fact that I didn't do everything that I could to stop it. I wasn't willing to sacrifice my life. And I'm haunted by it even though I know that such a sacrifice would have been futile, even though I know, logically, I had no real choice. I ask him what he would have done if he had been my size and in my place.

He pauses to take a drag on his cigarette. I want him to tell me that there was nothing I could have done, that I would have been a fool to fight them and that, in my place, he wouldn't have done anything differently. He doesn't comply.

"The body don't make the man," he says. "If I'd been you, we'd still be fighting."

"So you think I gave in too easy?"

"For what you had at stake you did." He no longer is looking away.

"You, or whoever was with me, had a tyre iron in his hand, though."

"I didn't have nothing in my hand." That isn't a lie, because he wasn't with me. Barker had the tyre iron.

I argue with him, saying that both Laurie and I saw the tyre iron, that I had it in my hands, and that I think it's strange that he doesn't remember it. He replies that the incident was 15 years ago, and that it wasn't the best event of his life.

"If you assume," I persist, "that the person with me had a tyre iron, would you then say I put up enough fight?"

"You know, my man, I'm going to tell you something." His condescension infuriates me. "A weapon like a tyre iron can only swing one time, and then I'm looking for a hit back."

"So if you had been me, and the other person had a tyre iron, you still would have fought?"

"Oh yeah."

I forget his apologies. I'm angry about getting a lecture on courage from a man who overpowered a woman weighing 45 kilos less than he did, whose accomplice had a tyre iron, and who had two friends waiting in the trees.

I'm also suddenly aware of the absurdity of asking for some sort of absolution from — of all people! — the man who attacked us, particularly when absolution is something that I haven't even been able to grant to myself. I realise that there *is* no second chance, and that I will have to live with the event the rest of my life, perhaps never completely coming to terms with it.

But there is one thing I won't have to live with, and that is letting the interview finish with him having the upper hand. I have one last question to ask, one that I've thought about for days, and one that I know carries with it a certain risk.

"Have you considered," I say, leaning forward so that my eyes meet his, "that I'm not writing an article at all, that I just wanted to lure you here?"

His eyes widen in fear — for the first time in 15 years my fantasies are in synch with reality — as I speak slowly, deliberately. "Have you considered that I'm really here to get revenge?"

"I don't mind you playing the aggressor, dear. I just wish you wouldn't refer to it as Trivial Pursuit."

ILLUSTRATION BY DOUG TAYLOR

SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES OF THE PARTY TAPE

It's your party and they'll dance if you make 'em.
Article by **CHARLES M. YOUNG**

MAKING A PARTY tape is, first of all, only for the strong hearted. Those who dare small deeds and live small lives should content themselves with white wine spritzers, chips, cocktail frankfurts, discussion of office politics and everyone home in time for the midnight movie. But for those who would risk all to win all, there can be no higher calling than the successful party tape. To see joy in the faces of your friends, to profess humility as they slaver their gratitude at the end of the evening, to infuse your enemies with envy so heavy they'll have to walk on their kneecaps, to have beauteous women wonder what you would play during sex (that's another essay) — these are the rewards of a good party tape. Why? Because people want to dance, want to stomp Death itself into your linoleum.

And the risk? To see hatred in the faces of your friends, to grovel before the cries of "Turn that shit off!", to hear your enemies suggest early retirement to the local disco, to have beauteous women know that your flaccid record collection is a direct reflection of your manhood — these are the consequences of a bad party tape. Why? Because people who are primed to dance and cannot dance to your bad party tape will stomp *you* into your very linoleum.

Let us now define our terms: a party tape shall henceforth mean a cassette tape *scientifically* formulated to induce humans in attendance at a particular party to engage in dancing behavior. Only science can save us from the bad party tape, and by science I mean you should select only songs that you know by empirical observation will cause dancing behavior. Unfortunately, humans vary widely in which songs they prefer for dancing behavior, so the nascent partyologist must therefore start here:

1. DO A DEMOGRAPHIC STUDY OF THE HUMANS WHO WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE.

Music appreciators fall into four basic personality types: *Extroverted Traditionalist, Extroverted Avant Garde, Introverted Traditionalist,* and *Introverted Avant Garde.*

ExTrads are the most numerous groups in the country. For them music is a communal experience and they derive comfort from turning on the radio and knowing that many thousands of other ExTrads are listening to the same song. ExTrads believe that a popular song is by definition a good song.

ExAvants are the most influential group in that magazine editors look at their behavior, declare it a trend, and pretty soon ExTrads are engaging in that behavior without knowing why. For ExAvants music is also a communal experience but it is defined by its separateness; that is, ExAvants don't care what they are dancing to so long as people with less status dance to something else.

InTrads experience music in a deeply personal way. At some point in their lives, usually during pubescence, they discover Truth listening to a particular artist or type of music and then spend the rest of their lives trying to re-experience that same Truth. InTrad taste is distinguished by its narrowness: *only* mid-period Uriah Heep (or early Merle Haggard, or Cajun or Galapagos Duck or Miles Davis, or anything) is Truth.

InAvants live by this dictum from the Danish theologian Soren Kierkegaard: "When truth conquers with the help of 10,000 yelling men — even supposing that that which is victorious is a truth — with the form and manner of their victory a greater untruth is victorious." InAvants, in other words, like bands only when they are the first to discover them and distrust those same bands when ExTrads start filling up football stadiums to see them.

Several psychologists at the Canberra Institute of Dance have recently started work on the PLAYBOY Multiphasic Music Appreciation Test which should be administered by the lay partyologist to his guests before the party to avoid tragedy later, but it will be several years before results are ready for publication. In the meantime, the lay partyologist must do some serious thinking based on my preliminary findings to determine which personality type characterises the majority of his friends. This is crucial, because each type hates the other three. Viewed by the others as an unwashed herd whose taste stinks up the charts, ExTrads are mystified by music they haven't heard recently on the radio. Viewed by the others as twits, ExAvants think music that has made it to the radio is already passe. Viewed as fairground Ayatollahs, InTrads despise radio except for the one hour a month that the local listener-supported station does its mid-period Uriah Heep show. Viewed as half-baked reformers with a minimal grasp of

reality, InAvants don't have enough money to own a radio and envy those who do.

The situation is further complicated by two important subgroups: *ExAvant Politically Correctoids* and *ExTrad Ignoramuses.* Correctoids are white people who refuse to dance to anything that is not currently popular among black people, while Ignoramuses are familiar with no popular music since they left school.

In any case, majority rules.

2. INVITE EVERY HUMAN YOU KNOW.

All of them. No kidding. No matter which personality type predominates, they will not dance unless you create an intimate space which means more people than you have room for. If there really is an excess, your acquaintances will leave and your friends will stay. You can also count on ExAvants not to show up unless the invitation looks very exclusive. And the InTrads will stay home with Uriah Heep, unless you're throwing a Uriah Heep party, in which case three InTrads who share your taste will show up.

3. GET A GOOD STEREO.

If you turn up a lame sound system, you get distortion, and that has a subliminal effect on the crowd. They will want you to turn it down and get back to office politics. Clear sound at high volume, by contrast, has an exhilarating effect. Your system must also include a cassette deck. If you rely on a turntable to program your party, your records will get scratched and covered with dip. Furthermore, if you succeed in getting your friends to dance, the vibration will make the needle jump, another powerfully negative subliminal.

4. ALLOW A FULL DAY OR SEVERAL HOURS A NIGHT TO MAKE YOUR TAPES.

When there is potential to dance until dawn, you will need four to six hours of music. Depending on your attention to detail, the recording process will take two to four times longer than the final tape.

5. PROGRAM IN SEGMENTS.

When people hear music they want to dance to, they immediately want more of the same. If they do not hear more of the same, they get angry. But if they hear too much of the same, they get bored. Your tapes should therefore be arranged in 10-30 minute segments of songs related by genre, theme or feel. Which genre, theme or feel is determined primarily by your guests, and to a much lesser extent by you. The serious partyologist does not use his party to educate his friends. If you want to educate, go teach music appreciation. Musicology is *not* partyology. For example, I once had a friend (basically an InTrad) who felt it a terrible injustice that Lynyrd Skynyrd and Kevin Borich didn't have more fans in Brisbane. Maybe this was a terrible injustice, but nobody wanted to know about it at his parties, which were so boring I'm falling asleep just remembering them.

I prefer my cassettes at 45 minutes a side, although I know serious partyologists who go for 30 per side. The advantage of 45 is that if it's a good tape, you get a chance to build maximum momentum because you are switching less. Longer tapes fewer in number mean less confusion as all cassettes look alike in the dark. Less switching makes it easier to get people tired enough to appreciate a slow song, always a consideration when dealing with an out-of-shape crowd or a bunch of singles who want to rub their bodies together. The sole advantage I can see to 30 per side is that you spend less time on Fast Forward and Reverse when searching for a particular song for which there has been an urgent request.

6. GEAR THE SEGMENTS TO THE PREDOMINANT PERSONALITY TYPE.

A friend of mine once asked me to program her party and from her description of the invitees, I deduced they would be ExTrad Ignoramuses in their thirties. This would be a snap, I thought, showing up with three hours of "Big Chill" music; that is, late '60s dance music of the sort used in the soundtrack for *The Big Chill.* It turned out the crowd was mostly ExAvant Politically Correctoids and did they get ugly upon the discovery that I had only 20 minutes of rap and reggae! Sort of takes the shine off the shindig when people are calling you a racist. Hey, half the music *was* black, it was just *old* black. But they wouldn't listen to reason. So I cranked the volume with the bass boost up, blew my friend's speakers and left. Brute force is all Correctoids understand.

The matter of race and party tapes is nonetheless delicate. As a practical matter, party tapes of all one race get boring rather quickly, even if your invitees are of all one race. Getting the right racial mixture on your tape can help lead to that joyous we-are-all-one feeling that will move your party from the okay category to legendary blow-out.

Depending then on the age, race, geographical origin, political leaning, economic status, religious belief, and personality type of your invitees, you will want to select segments that appeal alternately to each group within your party, and within each segment, to pick songs that have the best chance of connecting with the other personality types. A typical 45-minute side might start with Girl Rock That Recently Dented The Charts: the Eurythmics' *Would I Lie To You, Honey?*, the Pointer Sisters' *Neutron Dance,* Katrina and the Waves' *Walking On Sunshine,* Do Re Mi's *Man Overboard.* This is pure ExTrad music. Each song has a driving, relentless beat and conveys joy. Each song has killer hooks familiar to anyone who listens to radio or watches video clips. Make sure that the first song in particular pumps (the first song of all segments *must* pump). Note also that none of these female singers acts like a wimp, which

LET'S ROCK

Make 'em bop till they drop!

EXTRAD MUSIC

Operative principle: If you're sick of it, they'll dance to it. On the other hand, no one should have to listen to *Beat It* again until 1993.

Down Under by Men At Work. Great tune to open inspirational anthem segment. Very sincere, bordering on schmaltz. It'll remind every ExTrad where he was when Bondy won the America's Cup.

Cheap Wine And A Three Day Growth by Cold Chisel. You know how it feels, you've been there and now you're drinking champagne. Reminds everyone of the bad old days.

Eagle Rock by Daddy Cool. Got a terrific bounce to it. One of the great Aussie classics.

Glory Days by Bruce Springsteen. Makes you feel righteous 'cause yes, you grew up somewhere too. So did every ExTrad. A goddamned icon of Americana.

Boys Of Summer by Don Henley. An awesome, driving beat that pumps the heart as well as getting a party moving.

Boys Light Up by Australian Crawl. Now we're in a summer mood, lay back just a little. Every ExTrad will go into relax-and-be-cool mode with this number.

Cocaine by J.J. Cale. Will take ExTrads for a momentous trip down memory lane, if they've got one left.

Start Me Up by The Rolling Stones. Their best rock'n'roll song this decade. Riff never fails to get everyone moving.

Brass In Pocket by The Pretenders. The party has momentum by now, so drop in something less obvious. Breathy, sexual vocal by Chrissie Hynde will send a few shivers down some spines.

In The Future by David Byrne. Signal end of tape with something that sounds different. This sounds *very* different.

EXAVANT MUSIC

Operative principle: If ExTrads have heard it it's vulgar.

Are You Old Enough? by Dragon. Classic pop tune that's got a vicious edge to it.

Heartbeat by King Crimson. This one's from genius guitarists Robert Fripp and Adrian Belew. Why it never topped the charts for a year is rock's biggest mystery.

Zanzibar by Hoodoo Gurus. From their first album and a rich lilt to the production. Pre-paisley, but what the hell, still absolutely chic.

Taxi Mary by Jo Jo Zep. Chunky and stylish. This is putting on some ritz but in your own backyard for once.

In The Ghetto by Nick Cave and the Badseeds. Get-tough-with-party-guests time. Has been known to induce brawls and furniture destruction, which every decent party needs.

Pump It Up by Elvis Costello. Now you really mean business. Infectious beat and great for a bit of bump and grind on the dance floor.

London Calling by The Clash. Will they remember it or not? Driving beat, power-house chant. Guaranteed to bring the ceiling crashing down.

Don't Throw Stones by The Sports. Terrific pop. Strong Australian accent. A tough rhythm track to keep the gang jumping.

Counting The Beat by The Swingers. Crazy vocals add to the good-time feel. No one gets out without a smile.

Take Me To The River by Talking Heads. No better R&B number than this. Grinding, continuous rhythm is great for drinking, oh, and dancing too.

Horror Movie by Skyhooks. End with a bang. Shake that city. Let the guests know this is one holocaust of a party.

INTRAD MUSIC

Operative principle: Your InTrads must be homogeneous (ie Springsteen InTrads will not get along with Zeppelin InTrads). Arbitrarily, we are here programming for Glitter InTrads.

Suffragette City by David Bowie. Anyone as distanced from his emotions as Bowie can be dangerous at a party where you want people to freak out. This song, however, is so adrenalised that his chronic irony doesn't fuck it up.

Rebel Rebel by David Bowie. A very high percentage of women in their twenties lost their virginity listening to Bowie, so you can never have enough of him on your tape. Terrific marching beat here will grab anyone not grabbed by *Suffragette City*.

Sorrow by David Bowie. New mood for contrast. Even people who are annoyed by his normal quaver (like me) think it's nifty here.

Rock and Roll Part 2 by Gary Glitter. Trance dance chant-along.

Do Ya Wanna Touch Me (Oh Yeah!) by Joan Jett. Trance dance chant-along cover. Adrenalin up a notch, maintaining high hormone level.

I Love Rock'n'Roll by Joan Jett. Adrenalin down one, hormones up one. Air guitar classic for guys who would rather flail than dance.

Jeepster by T. Rex. *Bang A Gong* is too obvious after egregious cover by renegade Durans. Besides being irresistibly catchy, riff is silly.

Mama Weer All Crazee Now by Slade. More silliness, of which there is never enough on the dance floor.

Rock'n'Roll Is King by Rose Tattoo. Adrenalin can escalate no further for those who like to stomp. Not glitter, but who's heard of the New York Dolls in Dubbo?

All Right Now by Free. Adrenalin way down, compensatory hormones way up. My copy sounds like it was mastered in a fishtank. Any chance we can get some public-spirited record company to do a digital re-mix of this perfect song?

You Shook Me by AC/DC. Much the same style as *All Right Now* but with brighter guitars and drums mixed higher. AC/DC are one of the very few metal bands who are at all danceable and therefore rate with people who cut their musical teeth on glitter.

Highway to Hell by AC/DC. Bon Scott's finest moment before he took the highway himself. Great sing-along.

All People That On Earth Do Dwell by Kenneth McKellar at Paisley Abbey. Church music signals highway back from hell and time to flip tape.

EXTRAD IGNORAMUS MUSIC

Operative principle: If you were sick of it a long time ago, it'll sound good now.

Brown Sugar by The Rolling Stones. *The* rock'n'roll dance song of the '70s. Even ExAvants who roll their eyes and moan at the opening chords will dance to it, because they know it's the best chance of the evening to establish dancing momentum among people between the ages of 30 and 40.

(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction by The Rolling Stones. *The* rock'n'roll dance song of the '60s.

Street Fighting Man by The Rolling Stones. Creates the illusion among older Yups that they weren't sell-out wimps in their youth.

Slipping Away by Max Merritt and The Meteors. ExTrad Ignoramuses are entering the heart attack years, so a slow song after your Stones set is a public service. Brings back fond memories of your teacher holding a ruler between you and Raelene at the high school hop.

Can I Get A Witness by Marvin Gaye. Opening piano riff is almost as sure-fire as Brown Sugar for making people feel like they want to wriggle their bodies. Gaye's voice also has this amazing effect on women of all ages.

Baby Love by The Supremes. Gentle singalong of moderate tempo for those who distrust too much adrenalin in their dancing.

Reach Out I'll Be There by The Four Tops. Now that the shy and retiring have entered the dance floor, we crank the adrenalin to a more intense level.

Think by Aretha Franklin. Version on the Blues Brothers soundtrack is better produced and even more energetic than the original. This song has *never* failed to pick up the momentum at any party I have attended. The partyologist should have a tape cued to this song at all times so that when another segment fails (some segments inevitably do), he can turn to this immediately and keep people on the dance floor. Once they stop dancing, it's twice as hard to get them re-enthused.

Funky Chicken by Rufus Thomas. Unscientific self-indulgence here, as I am the only person I know who is nostalgic for this song. But when I get drunk, I enjoy flapping my elbows, scratching my feet and clucking.

Stand By Me by Ben E. King. A ballad, because when I'm done dancing the funky chicken, I'm in the mood to rub my body against any available woman.

Shout by Johnny O'Keefe. So fast it shoulda been covered by thrash'n'rollers The Ramones. Time to remember legends and raise a sweat.

Keep A Knockin' by Little Richard. So fast the faint of heart will leave, which is okay because you're going to need the entire dance floor.

At The Hop by Danny and the Juniors. So fast it's too bad it was high school rock.

Teenager In Love by Dion and the Belmonts. The style makes you long for a time when problems were simpler. The lyrics have a strange way of reminding you that unrequited love was never simple. If you're 85 and have a bad case of the unrequiteds, you're a teenager in love.

Midnight Hour by The Young Rascals. I have six copies of this song and on only one is the mix correct and the pressing decent. On that one copy (nearly worn out), the backbeat is just about the greatest ever recorded. How about another digital re-mix, Atlantic? Elecktra did it for the Doors.

Symphony #9 by Ludwig van Beethoven. Time, once again, to flip the tape.

INAVANT MUSIC

Operative principle: InAvants don't want other people to dance to their tape because they're all a bunch of arseholes.

The Collected Works of Yoko Ono by Yoko Ono. No one can clear a room faster.

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Final note: Don't be intimidated by the number of songs you will need. If you research your demographics properly, you can get by with a few judicious purchases that belong in your record collection anyway. Much of the best dance music of the '50s and '60s is available on a wide variety of compilations that will provide several worthy cuts per usually discounted album. For newer stuff, buy singles unless you're in love with the artist. Your other option is to pay a dee-jay to come to your home with his two turntables and several boxes of records. This can save you time, maybe some trauma and probably not any money. You must also research the dee-jay to make sure you're not hiring an inveterate InAvant for an ExTrad crowd. If he's bad, the risk is pretty much the same: your friends will leave early. If he's good, the pay-off is much lower: your friends are going to congratulate *him* on his good taste, not you. In party tapes, as in life, we may conclude that if you invest no guts, you glean no glory.

will have a salutary effect on any women at your party who feel like wallflowers.

If you're planning to use this tape late in the party, now is the time to drop in a slow song such as Sade's *Smooth Operator,* which makes ExTrads feel like *Miami Vice* characters. If you're planning to use the tape early in the party when dancing momentum is just being established, don't play this; your invitees will get mad at you for putting in a slow song. So give them another fast segment, preferably sung by males for contrast.

If your party is heavy on the ExAvants and Correctoids, you might want to lay in that Hip Hop segment. I'd suggest Grandmaster Flash's *White Lines* because it's instantly recognisable and therefore more accessible to ExTrads. Then you might want to try something slightly more melodic like Malcolm McLaren's *Soweto* which can inspire political brawls as well as dancing. I would then close the set with Romeo Void's *I Might Like You Better If We Slept Together,* a dance club vocal with a hypnotic drum accompaniment.

But if your party is heavier on the ExTrad Ignoramuses and InTrads, you might want to give them a flash from the past: a set from Otis Redding's *Live In Europe,* or maybe three or four of the Easybeats' greatest hits. Redding was maybe the greatest singer of his time and gave off tremendous energy that can still ignite a party *(Respect, Can't Turn You Loose,* etc), while the Easybeats have aged remarkably well, *(She's So Fine, Sorry).* For a final segment, you might bring it back to the present with Currently Popular Older White Guys (Phil Collins, Huey Lewis).

Other possible segments: Early Beatles Cover Tunes, Phil Spector Girl Rock, Middle-Period Rolling Stones, Current Stones, Modern Australian Rock (Machinations, Do Re Mi, I'm Talking, Models), Jangly Guitars From The '60s (Byrds, Bobby Fuller Four, Hollies), Middlebrow Australian '70s Rock (Skyhooks, Sherbet, Ol' 55), English Haircut Bands (Thompson Twins, King), Current Blue-Eyed Soul from Britain (Culture Club, Paul Young), Greatest Hits Of Anyone from Motown, Black Guys Who Have Crossed Over (Prince, Michael Jackson), Black Guys Who Have Not Crossed Over (George Clinton, Rick James), Dementia From The '50s (Jerry Lee Lewis, Gene Vincent, Little Richard) and dozens more.

Segments to avoid: Paul McCartney's Greatest Hits As A Solo, Disco Nostalgia, Almost Everything That Sold Over A Million Copies In The '70s, Art Rock Except For Talking Heads, Stuff That Has A Lot Of Tempo Changes, Helen Reddy's Comeback Try, Punk Rock Unless Your Invitees Are Punks, Songs That Mention Jesus.

Once the partyologist has mastered the genre segment, he might want to try a set organised by theme and feel. This is extremely dangerous and not recommended for unskilled hands. You might, for example, get inspired late one evening and decide to do a Small Hot Rod segment consisting of *Little Deuce Coupe* by the Beach Boys, *Little Red Corvette* by Prince and *Little GTO* by Ronnie and the Daytonas. This music does not contrast; it grates. It is further hindered by the high percentage of women who think hot rod music is for dickheads. On the other hand, I am very fond of a Knock segment I once programmed, particularly a segue from Little Richard's *You Keep A-Knockin'* to Dave Edmunds' cover of *I Hear You Knocking.* The production couldn't have been more different, but something about the insanity and crashing high hats in both songs somehow made them an inspired pairing.

7. EXPERIMENT JUDICIOUSLY.

A party tape that is too familiar is boring, and occasional experimental songs must be worked in for novelty and for the sake of scientific research on future tapes. New songs should be placed late in segments so they benefit from momentum established by more familiar songs. Suppose, for example; you did a Contemporary Guitar-Based Rock segment that started with *Don't Worry Baby* by Los Lobos and *Money For Nothing* by Dire Straits. Both songs are proven effective at inducing dancing behavior and you'd have enough momentum to drop in something like *Livin' On Love* by the Del-Lords. This song has an extremely infectious beat and melody but is sung by a band that, through no fault of its own, didn't sell enough albums the first time around to become a household word. If the tune works, you will have another empirically proven song for your next party tape and your friends will be subliminally conditioned to a worthy new band. If it doesn't work, you would conclude either that your friends are tired and need to sit one out or that the song simply doesn't induce dancing behavior.

When you're down to the last 30 minutes of tape, do not start another song. Premature truncation will cause irritation among your invitees.

8. END WITH SOMETHING SURPRISING.

When you're down to the last 30 seconds of tape, do not start another song. Premature truncation will cause irritation among your invitees. Instead, put on some high-contrast, non-dance music (such as Beethoven) or spoken word (Nixon's drooling resignation speech when he was pumped on Valium) to signal the tape is over.

9. WRITE DOWN THE CONTENTS OF EACH TAPE AND PUT THE LIST IN YOUR POCKET.

Inevitably some segments will fail. Your duty as a partyologist is to press fast forward and find something that does work. This is much easier when you know where to search.

Segment failure can be quite traumatic when some arsehole tries to take over the stereo with his lousy idea of a party tape. Although I have been tempted to punch guys like this, it is best to let them have the stereo. Unless they have read this essay, they will quickly screw up and your return will be that much more triumphant.

10. MOLLIFY THE NEIGHBORS.

After all this thought and effort, your party tape stands in terrible danger of being ruined by a neighbor demanding you shut up so he can sleep. Party tapes must be played loud, so there can be no compromise. The only way out is to invite the guy beforehand. If he doesn't want to come, buy him some earplugs. If he's a salesman, buy something so he looks on you as a valued customer. Or give him a sleeping pill. Just get rid of him.

11. REMEMBER THE PARTYOLOGIST CODE OF ETHICS.

The point at which your invitees achieve joy through dancing behavior is the point at which your collection of invitees becomes a crowd. A crowd is a separate organism, single-minded and stupid. Ever hear a football crowd chanting? That's as smart as crowds get. This is okay because being stupid is fun. Advertising agencies, however, have in the last year discovered the value of ExTrad Ignoramus music (it's all over television) for creating this crowd psychology. If you play a popular song from someone's youth, that person will enter a "state of heightened suggestibility", or a state of semi-trance in which you can make him buy or vote for anyone, eg Joh Bjelke-Petersen, as well as dance. This works essentially by the device of false nostalgia; that is, a great old song creates the delusion that a person had fun in high school. The moral partyologist will not take advantage of this delusion by selling his invitees life insurance. The principles of partyology should be used only for the study and promotion of fun.

12. MAKE AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

Keep the volume down when your friends first arrive so they can talk and get comfortable. Sometime around midnight, the partyologists will sense a point where things must escalate to the wild and crazy (crowd ignition) or remain forever at the level of cocktail chat. Turn the stereo off and tell the invitees who want to talk to go in your bedroom. Then crank the stereo to high volume with the biggest pumping song you have.

It is now time to forget this essay and dance.

"There's only one drawback. It's an outside dunny."

ECSTASY

Move over, cocaine, there's a new good-time drug in town.

Article by PETER NASMYTH

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT KENNEDY

I PUT THE white capsule on my tongue and swallowed, hoping to God the source was reliable; that this really was it and not some new amalgamation of PCP or even LSD. My friend took her capsule and we stood looking at each other. What now? She told me it would take about half an hour to come on. With apprehension mounting, we decided to walk over to a nearby harborside park; the trees and the sunshine might help me feel more at ease.

"Some time later I looked at my watch. Forty minutes had passed. I looked at my friend. Was she any different? Could I see into her soul as had been promised? Was I feeling great empathy and love?

"No, in fact we were having an argument. Tired of the park, she wanted us to go home, while I preferred to stay there, with the harbor view of Sydney. There seemed to be no resolution. My heart was beating a little faster, but I put it down to anxiety.

"Another 20 minutes passed. Still nothing. Perhaps the drug was just too

subtle for me. Disappointed, I gave in to her wish to go home. We started around the bay, but by the time we reached the other side I'd forgotten I was angry with her. In fact I'd forgotten how to be angry. We were having a new conversation, examining our goals in life. What had we done so far? Had we *really* followed those vows of adolescence? Did either of us know what it was like to be close to another human being? For the first time in years I confessed my childhood yearnings to become a helicopter pilot; she told me she'd wanted to marry Woody Allen. Defences were dropping at a rate it normally took people months to achieve. Suddenly I knew I could trust her with my closest secrets. . . strange because not half an hour before I wouldn't have cared if I had never seen her again in my life. I told her this and we both laughed.

"By the time we arrived back at the flat I noticed my heartbeat was stronger, but now I also seemed to possess an extraordinary mental calm, as if everything were on a very clean microscope slide. I viewed life out of a kind of benign fearlessness, but unlike the stronger sensations of heroin, I still wanted to talk, move around, be with people. Also it lacked the extroverted rush of cocaine. I was feeling good but without the superlatives, without the mystic euphoria. There was no distortion of the senses or hallucinatory tinge, as with, say, mushrooms. Rather a kind of winter's night, mugs-of-Milo feeling. It reminded me of someone's descriptions of MDMA as 'the hug drug'."

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MDMA, Adam Essence, XTC or Ecstasy as it is also known, has been described in other ways. "A brief, fleeting moment of sanity," according to one doctor. Another said it will "heal fear". More often it is claimed the drug will break down the barriers between therapist and patient, parent and child, lover and lover, stranger and stranger. But if it has inspired this kind of testimonial, it has also provoked equally strong warnings.

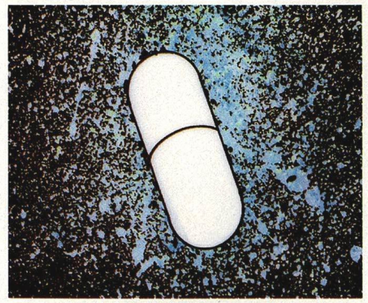
Our unnamed Sydneysider's experience continued for another two or so hours before the symptoms faded. Afterwards he said he felt slightly fatigued, experienced minor difficulty in falling asleep, but otherwise had no untoward side effects.

There can be little doubt this drug will soon be with us here in Australia in a big way, arriving from across the Pacific every week via 747, turning up in flats and nightclubs and parties as the latest product of American drug mythology. Although it has created a stir in the States, it is known here to only a few. To most, its existence is largely rumor and misinformation. "X-ing" is a term yet to be heard around the majority of Aussie coffee tables.

But this is not the case down at The Ranch, a bar in Dallas, Texas. This time last year you could have walked in and bought Ecstasy, or "E", over the counter. It would have cost $20 plus the $1.23 sales tax. Nobody would have raised an eyebrow. You could charge it to all major credit cards. If you had a "coupon" you could even have got $5 off. It's also just possible that outside, someone would have approached you with a leaflet proclaiming: "Ecstasy. Everything looks wonderful when you're young and on drugs." Or if you looked the popular type, perhaps a different leaflet: "Flight Instructions for a friend using XTC."

Ecstasy, it seemed, was everywhere. The TV networks, magazines and newspapers were all running stories on "The new drug they call Ecstasy", "LSD without fireworks", "The choice of Yuppiedom". Soap operas were starting to include it in their scripts. T-shirts and bumper stickers began to appear with the warning: "Don't get married for six weeks after XTC!"

Why? Because it would appear America has discovered its drug of the '80s, according to Timothy Leary, lapsed psychedelic prophet and Harvard doctor. His drug of the '60s, LSD, is now receding into the twilight, back into the repertoire of



psychotherapists, and this phrase has been cropping up on television screens and street corners across the nation. It will be remembered that it was Timothy Leary who in 1965 set in motion a "new consciousness", saying "Acid is ecstasy, ecstasy is good for you." Now, over a generation and quite a few false chemical hopes later, one can almost hear the strains of longing for that innocent euphoria in the new name of MDMA.

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Whatever it tells us of the times, its users generally agree MDMA is not "ecstasy". It can make you feel very close and empathetic — you might feel like hugging your friends — but the affection it inspires is unlikely to send anyone into the frenzied raptures common in the Haight/Ashbury district in 1967. Ecstasy is a misleading name; the drug is so-called more for reasons of promotion than revolution. Yet unlike PCP's early tag as the Peace Pill, it fortunately tends to overstate rather than understate. Like so many brand names, it represents what people want rather than what it is.

So what is it? Chemically speaking: 3, 4 Methylenedioxymethamphetamine. A synthetic compound modelled on a substance found in nutmeg and oil of sassafras, it is related to both the amphetamine MDA and mescalin but is not a psychedelic, and its effects, though similar to MDA, are shorter lasting and rely on a different activator.

Any description of those effects would be best prefaced with Aldous Huxley's comment: "We can pool information about experiences, but never the experiences themselves." With this in mind, it can be said that MDMA is a mild mood-enhancing drug, seemingly not physically addictive. Excess dosage can bring on the symptoms of speed or LSD. At these levels it can also quickly become toxic; worth bearing in mind since tolerance develops rapidly to the desirable effects.

"Personally I find it boring," said an anonymous club owner recently returned from the US. "I used to do it when it first came out a few years ago, but now I find cocaine a better buzz. And coke's cheaper."

He didn't have more to add, except that at around $35 a dose, Ecstasy must be making somebody a lot of money. For him it flopped as a party drug: the effect was weak by comparison with other drugs and the phase passed quite quickly.

But Ecstasy does have one remarkable feature, and this alone may have made it into the drug of the '80s. Up until July 1 last year, it was completely legal in the United States. An emergency ruling from that country's Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA), alarmed at the escalating recreational use, placed it on Schedule 1, in the same category as heroin, pending hearings and final decisions. It turns out that in Australia, as an amphetamine type, it's already illegal. Though there could be legal arguments, the penalties for possession, use, and trafficking of MDMA will be much the same as those for speed. But until the drug starts appearing more, and someone gets booked, which Australian drug squads say won't be too much longer, the final legal points won't be known.

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MDMA was first formulated in 1914 as an appetite suppressant by Merck and Co, in Germany. It was left on the laboratory shelf until the '50s when the US Army began its search for chemical aids in the battle against communism. Tested along with LSD, it was found to be more toxic but much less interesting. It failed to produce memorable effects such as the weeping CIA agents running for the Washington monument, nor GIs raving about "unspeakable beauty". Neither did it inspire such delirious plotting as the scheme to lace Fidel Castro's tea right before a 1960 television broadcast.

It seemed to have been forgotten, at least up to the mid-'70s. By then, the hysteria over LSD had faded and new-age chemists were turning their attentions to more subtle variations, or "designs", of existing compounds. In a paper published in the *Journal Of Psychedelic Drugs* in 1976, pharmacologist Dr Alexander Shulgin described the properties of MDMA, an MDA analog. It was a rare mention outside of scientific circles. At around the same time it started to be used in psychotherapy, but again publicity was stunted.

Why? Because researchers and therapists realised they were on to something. This drug was exceptional. It induced miraculous breakthroughs in therapy and could be relied on like no other to produce that vital and transforming factor in psychiatric sessions — honesty. And the insights would be remembered afterwards. Its proponents in the psychiatric field realised that if they played their cards right, they might not have their baby snatched away by the government, as happened before with LSD. But they also faced a problem. How to let word pass around to the right people?

It took until around 1981 for the word to reach the wrong people. The arrival of MDMA on the streets meant that someone had seen a way to make a financial killing. A new name was coined, Ecstasy. Distributor networks began to appear and soon catchphrases such as "a safe psychedelic" began circulating around campuses, clubs and dinner parties. Demand grew, according to the DEA, from a nationwide usage of 1000 doses a month in 1975, to 30,000-plus a month for one major city alone in 1985. Drug manufacturers began receiving huge orders. Its appeal, according to writer Joe Klein, was that it offered "adventure without weirdness, transcendence without alienation, a Yuppie way of knowledge". It was too good to be true.

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"I've heard a report of someone locked in a foetal position for three days," said Dr Ronald Siegel, "and regular accounts of poisoning symptoms, nausea, dizziness and jaw tension at the onset of MDMA experiences. I've also heard of people having loving, harmonious experiences. But so far all we have to go on with this drug is folklore; we don't have one published scientific study."

For Dr Siegel, a DEA witness and researcher into the street use of drugs, the word "scientific" is of great importance. He is adamant that this "potentially toxic" substance be kept out of the hands of unqualified users or non-medical therapists. He recalls the claims being made for cocaine as a non-addictive panacea as late as 1970 and points out that there are now an estimated 10 million US coke users, four million psychologically addicted. PCP (angel dust) too was greeted with enthusiasm at first.

"To my knowledge the scheduling came about from reports of clinical problems resulting from widespread abuse. . . and so far I've already heard of two documented cases of PCP showing up as MDMA on the streets."

Attempting to counter this official pessimism is MDMA's most vocal and enthusiastic supporter, Rick Doblin. As a long-time seeker into the mystical reaches of truth he feels better set to evaluate MDMA or Adam as he prefers to call it. Why Adam? Because the myth of Adam's body being made up of all the races on earth recalls MDMA's sensations of universal warmth and communication.

As one might expect from such a campaigner, Doblin comes across as helpful and optimistic, maybe just a shade too optimistic. The son of a physician who runs a drug clinic, he is trying to organise an entirely new pharmaceutical company. The aim is to fund the necessary testing to make MDMA a prescribable drug in the future.

"It's a false dichotomy the government is trying to make. Recreational use v therapeutic. Actually neither is bad, although it should never be used *casually*. They're afraid of the whole concept that people can have a worthwhile drug experience and not become addicted. Thus they blew up certain university experiments way out of proportion. It's just like the LSD story really, when they talked about chromosome damage. It just hasn't happened. There aren't thousands of kids walking around warped just because their parents took LSD. There are dozens of people with a 10-year history of using MDMA. We don't see any observable effects."

R.D. Laing: "It made me feel like all of us would like to feel we are anyway. It's nothing like a transcendental experience."

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As Ecstasy was hitting a peak earlier this year as the new party drug, the one everyone had to try, a group of clinicians and researchers gathered to discuss the drug. Among them were several veteran researchers into psychoactive drugs and a number of psychiatrists who had been using MDMA in their practices for many years. On the fourth day of the meeting, Dr George Greer directed a session in which 13 of those present took the drug, each monitored closely by another doctor.

Among those who read with interest the report of this meeting was the anthropologist Francis Huxley, nephew of Aldous, whose book, *The Doors Of Perception*, and many experiments with mescalin helped shape both the psychedelic era and the Esalen Institute itself. Though he didn't see himself as a spokesman, Francis Huxley felt the meeting brought attention back to the essence of the drug.

"Adam (MDMA) is like a slow influx of warm vigor; very subtle, but suddenly you discover you're feeling remarkably well and normal. You could say functioning as you should. . . If you look at the mind, you could say you have a sphere with the outside being all one's faculties. Adam doesn't affect the inside, it affects the outside, it works on all the instrumentation of the mind and sort of networks it together.

"Therapy is one of those dirty words that seems to cover just about everything, but if it can be used to help people find each other in a social mode. . . then that's as good a use as I can think of. If it ends up going totally underground it will be rather sad because it will breed a paranoia which one doesn't want in any form of social intercourse."

Yet this will probably be its fate. Legislation is unlikely to dent the existing demand for the drug. Furthermore, Schedule 1 declares it to be "of no accepted medical use", thus denying it even to the therapists who have been working conscientiously with it for more than a decade, and are now lobbying for milder classification. By reacting so strongly the DEA has simply promoted MDMA's connections downward into the underworld, where it will be badly made and heavily peddled.

"It's a shame that it's been criminalised because it could have taken its place in the pharmacopoeia," says the psychologist R.D. Laing. "I'm sure it's here to stay," he adds. "It's easy to manufacture."

Moreover it has now acquired taboo to add to its growing mystique. And there *does* seem to be something compelling about the idea of such a drug, if not the thing itself. In all the accounts of the Ecstasy experience, you can hear an unusual undertone of unself-conscious advocacy.

"It made me feel how all of us would like to think we are anyway," says Laing. "It's the very opposite of acid. Nothing like a transcendental experience."

It also appears to have some very cunning merchandisers behind it. Several years ago the first of the so-called designer drugs appeared: a synthetic heroin analogous to the pain-killer Fentanyl but slightly altered through chemical engineering to avoid illegality. Sold openly to junkies, its high strength caused many deaths before the formula was made illegal. Immediately, the designers made a new, slightly altered analog. The same techniques have created a companion for Adam, with a few minor chemical adjustments. She's called MDE or Eve.

And so Ecstasy just won't go away. Curiosity has spread its name across the world, and doubtless many more will be drawn to it. As the Sydneysider at the start said, it can act as a reminder of a kind of honesty rarely found in human relations. Certainly, nobody needs a drug to tell them of this, and it may be that the message Adam brings is the reminder that ecstasy has always existed without it.

GIRL TALK *(continued from page 49)*

Jessica: "Guys are so oblivious. They make it easy for girls to do sneaky little things."

of affair doesn't give much of."

Alana spotted her lover's live-in girlfriend at a shopping centre. "The first thing I noticed," Alana says, "was how daggy she looked. She didn't have on any make-up, and she was wearing a very structured, tailored, boring beige jumpsuit and flat sandals. So I decided next time I saw him I'd dress like the total opposite of this woman he says he's tired of. She's very strong and athletic and healthy looking, so I went all out to look frail and feminine and soft, but also sexy, not mannish like her. I wore red high heels, and a white gauze dress, and make-up. He couldn't wait to rip my clothes off."

TRICKS

"Guys are so oblivious. They make it easy for girls to do sneaky little things," confides Jessica, 23. "Like you get up while they're still sleeping, wash your face, brush your teeth, put on mascara, and then go back to bed and make believe you woke up that way. And my friends and I always make sure to have male friends call us when guys we're dating are over so they'll know we're in demand and will try harder. Of course I never tell my male friends the real purpose 'cause that would ruin the trick for another girl who may be dating one of them. I always play back my answering machine if a guy is over and make believe that any guy's voice on the machine is someone asking for a date. I ring back and my friend always plays along. He'll say, 'You've got someone there?' and I'll say, 'Yeah, Thursday night sounds great for dinner.' "

The answering machine game isn't limited to youthful players. Maggie, 34, resorts to it on occasion, "but only when I'm feeling insecure about Jon," her boyfriend of six months. One night, Maggie and Jon returned to Maggie's apartment after seeing a movie. They'd been fighting that day, and Maggie was feeling unloved. She immediately checked her machine, in her bedroom, and saw from the flashing light that there were several messages. "I waited till Jon went into the bathroom, which is right next to the bedroom, and I turned the volume down low until I heard a male voice. Then I turned it up high and sure enough Jon heard it and asked me who it was. It was actually a gay friend of mine, but I told Jon it was Tony, my ex-lover, which got Jon jealous. Once I saw he was jealous I felt better."

Tracey, 30, gets nervous when her boyfriend Paul goes out bar-hopping with his buddies, so she takes certain precautions. "On those nights I make up an excuse to have to see him just before he goes out; usually I pretend I left something at his place that morning. I go over there dressed very seductively, and I either get him to make love to me or I give him a great blowjob — all so he's less horny when he goes out and maybe less likely to pick someone up." As further insurance, whenever Tracey spends the night at Paul's she makes sure to "carry perfume in my purse, and when he's out of the room I dab it on his sheets. That way, long after I'm gone he'll smell me. And so will any other woman who happens to be there."

"Sometimes I'm so sexually bored with Peter," says Cathy, 32, of her husband, "that I'll purposely try to hurry things up. I'll speed up my body movements and make lots of noise to get him close, and if I have to I'll fake an orgasm so he'll know it's okay to have his. I'll draw on every little trick I know about turning him on, like stroking the skin between his balls and his anus or holding his balls as he thrusts, so he'll come faster."

Carolyn, 26, describes the methods she used to find out if Phillip, her almost-live-in boyfriend of one year, was cheating on her. "It was obvious that something was going on," she says. "He seemed preoccupied when he was with me, he didn't want to make love that often and when he did, it was half-hearted. He snapped when I asked him what was wrong, and he seemed to be having a mysteriously large number of 'emergency meetings' at his office.

"I stopped at nothing to find out what he'd been up to, which turned out to be exactly what I'd suspected. I had a key to his apartment, and when he was out I'd go over and go through all his pockets, his rubbish bins, and especially his answering machine tape. If I heard women's voices on the tape I'd call up the number they left to figure out if it was business or personal, what type of voices they had and stuff like that. If I found phone numbers lying around on pieces of paper I'd tear them up. If I found receipts in his pockets on nights when he supposedly was with his parents or working late, I'd try to get him to slip up. Soon enough, he did."

MR COOL

"Next time around," says Barbara, who is 32 and freshly divorced, "I want someone who can talk. I'm so sick of silent men. And even the noisy ones can't seem to express their feelings. I can't stand never to know what's going on inside the head of someone I live with. My husband used to complain that I asked too many questions, but maybe if he'd have volunteered more information I wouldn't have had to ask so many."

Younger women who are simply dating around aren't as concerned about deep emotional communication; in fact, as one 25-year-old put it only half-jokingly, "I don't want to know too much about them — I don't want my illusions spoiled yet." But young women do complain about men who won't talk.

"Some guys use openness as a line," says Denise, 22. "They pretend to be really interested in you and what you're thinking, and pretend to confide deep secrets to you about themselves — things like fear of failure, or their relationship with their fathers. But once you sleep with them they totally close up."

"I can't stand men who aren't willing to get into a good conversation with you," says Marilyn, 27. "It's a sort of passivity, a lack of energy or curiosity that's very unattractive. You can meet a man at a party who assumes that you'll lead him to your bed with no particular conversational effort on his part. That kind of man usually turns out to be sexually passive as well — passive in general about relationships, even with his own friends."

WHAT DO WOMEN WANT?

"A man who takes the trouble to select one single perfect flower for me rather than grab the bunch with the rubber band around it."

"A man who can perceive the nuances of a situation, who can be sensitive to the undercurrents of what's going on instead of just the obvious things."

"A man who doesn't freak out if I start crying about something, especially if I'm crying about him."

"A man who's in control, but who's subtle about it. A man just a little stronger than me."

"A man who doesn't try to hit you over the head with his bloody logic."

"A man who knows where the clitoris is and doesn't yank at it like it's a bottlecap."

"A man who will drop everything to give you emotional sustenance when you really need it."

"A man who calls when he says he will and shows up when he says he will."

"A man who is turned on by everything you do in bed."

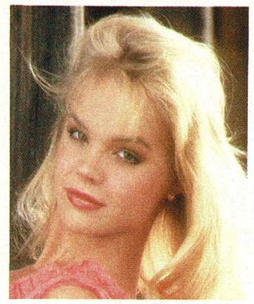
"A man who invites you to dinner, cooks it himself brilliantly, doesn't try to rope you into helping him by acting incompetent and refuses your assistance if you ask, leaves the dishes in order to carry you into his bedroom a la Clark Gable, makes love to you passionately and slowly, and afterwards strokes you and talks to you into the night."

"A man who knows exactly what I want all the time without my ever having to tell him."

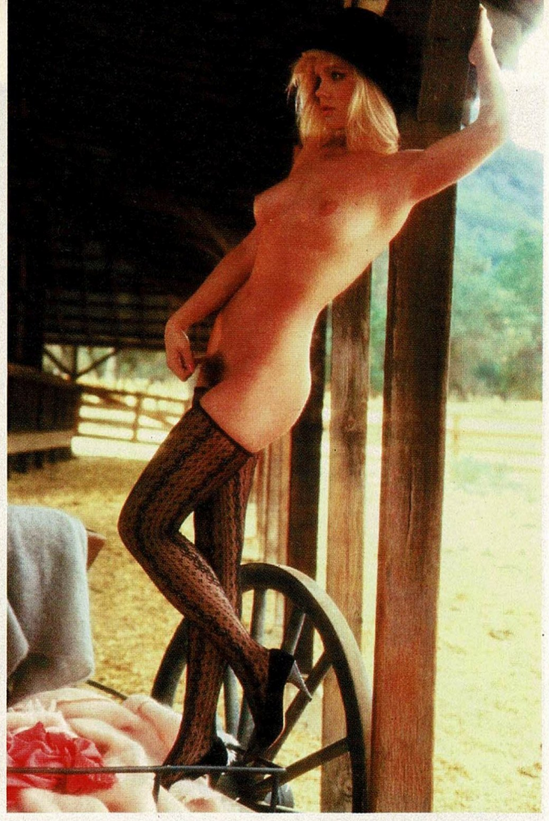
Of course, if women had all of that, what would they have to talk about?

A PERFECT JEWEL

Lovely Julie McCullough may worry about her looks but we reckon she's a gem of a girl.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY KERRY MORRIS



"I've always felt like I have little eyes, a mouthful of teeth, and ears like an elf. They kind of poke out." That's Julie McCullough's opinion. Our PLAYBOY photographer certainly didn't notice any flaws when lovely Julie posed for her pictorial. "Modelling has given me more confidence," she says. "I did consider art as a career but I could just see myself starving! Now drawing has become a hobby and I have really been bitten by the modelling bug. But on the weekends there's nothing I like better than escaping to my parents' farm. Nature can be a great restorative and I love to wander alone around the barns and paddocks. . . particularly in summer when I can strip off and work on a tan. . ."

Does Julie look forward to a high-powered modelling career? "Success, to me, is being happy at what I do," she says. "It's important to me to be able to achieve something on my own. I don't necessarily have to be rich. All through high school I worked as a supermarket check-out operator. I liked knowing whatever money I had, I earned. I still do. I don't like people giving me things." It's hard to imagine how

Julie could avoid being given things. Long, hard stares, for instance. Or a red Ferrari! Julie explains that she is cautious in her affairs, and definite about her standards. "I want an open and honest relationship with a partner who wants just as much out of life as I do. Because if he doesn't, we'll have nothing in common. I don't want a partner who has no enthusiasm for his career or anything else." When that right man happens along, Julie says she'd like to have a few children. "I've always been family-oriented. I want to be a grandmother whose house everybody will come to for Christmas!" Forgive us, Julie, but you don't quite fit our image of the average granny!

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

Sultan OF Swing

Dire Straits tour promoter Garry Van Egmond is rocking all the way to the bank.

Article by Peter Olszewski

EVERYONE WANTS TO be a superstar these days. Doctors, dentists and furniture fellas are doing it. But the people who first put the super into stars, the rock promoters, were in there early, hyping their image until some became more famous than the acts they handled. Superstar promoter Bill Graham, for example, is far more famous among rock buffs than many of the early San Francisco acts he plugged.

The first famous Australian promoter of the rock generation was Lee Gordon who quickly became a legend in his own ticket-box. But his fame was soon eclipsed by the likes of Michael Edgley and, possibly the most famous of all Aussie promoters, former kiwi brassiere salesman, Harry M. Miller. Harry, after all, is the big-time promoter who put Superstar behind Jesus Christ's name in Australia, and a man who kept the best traditions of rock'n'roll alive by going down in spectacular style and actually doing hard time in the penitentiary.

It therefore comes as some surprise that one of the biggest Australian promoters on today's rock'n'roll roundabout is a man who's rarely seen by the public, and whose name, Garry Van Egmond, is virtually unknown outside the trade. Harry Miller might be regarded as the exiled king of big-time rock'n'roll, but Van Egmond, once his trusted lieutenant, is today's merchant prince of pop music.

Any act Garry Van Egmond promotes is certain to be given the high-profile treatment, but his profile is so low that few people outside rock-biz would even know what his profile looks like. He rarely haunts the rock'n'roll traps, but public sightings of him do occasionally occur at Sydney's Sebel Town House, hostelry to the superstars, whenever he's in town tending an act.

Gossips find the mongering a little lean when it comes to Mr Van Egmond — about the best they can come up with is a vague suggestion that he's not so much a self-made man, as a man who married into money, and he did marry well, having walked the Melbourne socialite Rosie Morell down the aisle in 1964.

Even at the nadir of Van Egmond's career, when his company entered into voluntary liquidation in 1982, the knives never really came out, and while there were a few holes in his bank balance, there were none in his back. However, the liquidation did cause Van Egmond to make a reluctant public appearance of sorts — almost a year after he went bust he decided to open up to the *Melbourne Herald* about the trauma he faced, and the *Herald* gleaned a staggering 145-word quotation from him.

Late in '85 Van Egmond again agreed to talk to the press, to explain a new master-stroke in his promoting of the Dire Straits tour. Customers were invited to buy their tickets months in advance of the concert: a little move which, according to the trade magazines, earned him about a million bucks in interest.

But despite his *Financial Review* style approach to marshalling the big bucks in rock'n'roll, Van Egmond is no cold, automaton-like businessman and the rumor that the only soul he possesses is on the bottom of his shoes is inaccurate.

Meeting the man in his comfortable, well-heeled South Yarra office (near his comfortable, well-heeled Toorak home) is a surprise. He's a large, softly spoken (with the trace of an accent) 44-year-old warm and humorous man, a friendly, paternal chap whom I'd gladly let take care of my business if I was a rock star. He doesn't have that patina of rip-off which seems to accompany many rock businessmen and, from overhearing him talking on the phone, he can wield stick if necessary — tough, but not ruthless. Harry Miller claims when he first met Van Egmond he summed him up as having "the tact and toughness necessary for a volatile and almost intangible business".

Van Egmond dresses like a "sensitive professional" — a doctor, or ad agency creative director, or the boss of an opera company — and he genuinely loves the hustle and bustle of live rock tours, purposefully steering clear of involvement in musicals or theatre.

Like most showbiz types he has an unusual and colorful history; he was organising Australian tours by international acts at the ripe young age of 18, virtually being born into the business. Van Egmond's family migrated to Australia from Holland in 1953; his father immediately slotted into the Surfers Paradise restaurant trade, and young Garry was employed in Dad's nosh-houses. This in turn involved him with the jazz scene of the time and, while still a teenager, he accepted a job in Melbourne to help run a jazz theatre restaurant. That was the stepping stone to the world of international promoterdom because the theatre restaurant imported acts such as the Oscar Petersen Trio and Earl Grant.

The biggest of the jazz acts to come to

Australia during that period was a double bill: Ella Fitzgerald and Mel Torme.

"We brought them out in 1960," remembers Van Egmond. "I was 18 years old at the time. We played them at Embers in Melbourne, and then we ran concerts in Sydney and Brisbane and that's how I became a promoter."

The tour was successful, but it did give Van Egmond a taste of the bizarre life show business had to offer when, in Melbourne, a man claiming to be a mafia member pulled a gun on Ella and told her to sing more up-tempo numbers.

The tour also gave Van Egmond a valuable contact: the young, up-and-coming kiwi promoter, Harry M. Miller, who negotiated to shunt Ella and Mel over to New Zealand.

Van Egmond says: "I met Harry during that time. He said he was seriously considering a move to Australia and said he'd give me a call if he did. And in 1962 he did just that, asking me to join him in a company that was later to be called Pan Pacific Promotions."

Miller arrived in Australia in a big way, having pulled off the tour of the era. He'd convinced American booking agent Joe Glaser to allow him to promote the Australian/New Zealand tour of jazz great Louis Armstrong and his band. The negotiations were tricky at first because Glaser, a former errand boy for gangster Al Capone and one hell of a tough cookie, was a personal friend of Ella Fitzgerald's and had not only heard about the gun incident in Melbourne, but also knew Miller was involved in the tour, and was keen to find out more details about the culprit.

When Miller dismissed him as a small-time hood who pretended to belong to the mafia, Glaser became agitated and said: "You just go back to Mel-bawn, Australia, and tell that motherfucker that he ain't no member of no mafia. I've checked — and his name just ain't on the list for Mel-bawn, Australia."

After that incident Miller was given the okay to do the tour, but when he arrived back in Australia to finalise arrangements with his new Aussie man, Garry Van Egmond, he was in for another surprise: Van Egmond said he would only work on the tour on the condition that he could take time off to marry his sweetheart, Melbourne socialite Rosie Morell.

That strange arrangement resulted in a humorous hiccup. Van Egmond tells the tale: "The date that I got married, November 26, 1964, was the date Louis Armstrong played Festival Hall in Melbourne. We were in black tie and tails when we got a call saying Louis Armstrong wouldn't go on stage. His deal was that he always had to be paid in US dollars prior to going on.

"He was told, 'Garry is getting married,' but the American guy who represented him here, The Doctor [a sidekick of Joe Glaser's], said: 'Look, that's the rule.' So Harry had to leave the reception, go and pay the money, and then come back again."

Miller and Van Egmond worked together for almost a decade before going their own ways. Van Egmond wanted to keep rocking.

He says: "I worked with Harry through the years of the Rolling Stones, the Beach Boys, and the big attractions of that Liverpool era, plus people such as Artur Rubinstein. Then the company diversified more into musicals like *Hair, Jesus Christ Superstar*, a lot of English plays, and in about 1973 I wanted to do more concerts. Harry didn't, so we parted on very amicable terms and I set up my own company, Concert Promotions."

One of the last concerts Miller and Van Egmond worked on together was the dramatic Joe Cocker tour, which resulted in Joe's deportation after a drug bust. Perhaps this incident swayed Miller away from rock'n'roll, but not Van Egmond, even though he'd been consigned by Harry to try to salvage the Cocker cock-up. Harry kept such a wary distance from Cocker that the singer asked Van Egmond if Miller really existed.

On the day of his liquidation, Van Egmond received an offer of a little help from his friends that was soon to put him back in business.

Van Egmond's Concert Promotions went from strength to strength and, in November 1978, while orchestrating a Bette Midler tour, he helped his mate Harry out once more by letting Miller's new Computicket company handle all the ticketing. Luckily for Van Egmond, that transaction went smoothly, because three months later Computicket collapsed and Miller was jailed, an event which sent shivers down Van Egmond's spine and reminded him of the vulnerability of show business wheelers and dealers.

He says: "My family and I were absolutely distraught about the whole thing, which I honestly believe was unintentional on Harry's behalf. His concept was right but he made a very big error in not really capitalising the venture. I felt that perhaps he was dealt with very harshly, but there was absolutely nothing we could do to help him. If I could have, I would have."

So Harry went to jail and Garry went on promoting. But his own hour of darkness was close at hand. In early 1982 Van Egmond was a busy promoter, juggling three separate Australian tours by The Kinks, Johnny Mathis, and George Benson, when the blowout happened. The bucks didn't flow fast enough and his company announced its voluntary liquidation in March 1982, owing $574,606.23. One of his biggest creditors was George Benson's touring company, Overseas Touring Incorporated, which was owed $198,634.63, but the majority of money was owed to Australians — publicists, musicians, travel agents, etc.

I broke the story of Van Egmond's voluntary liquidation in a Melbourne newspaper and what surprised me then, and tickled my curiosity about the man, was that nobody, not even creditors, wanted to bad-mouth him, even though traditionally the jackals slink in at the merest hint of a show business bankruptcy or liquidation.

For example, one creditor, Melbourne publicist Megan Tudor, who was "shattered" by the incident, told me: "It's set me back financially but, worse than that, it's frightened everybody because he was no fly-by-nighter. He is recognised without doubt as the best promoter in the country."

Looking back on those bad days, Van Egmond says: "This business involves high risk and high points of success. It goes both ways. I was just in the unfortunate situation that I had three attractions on at the one time, and three of them did not sell to the point we had budgeted for. The worst thing was when the New Zealand dollar devalued by some 30 percent and two of the three attractions were touring New Zealand at that precise time.

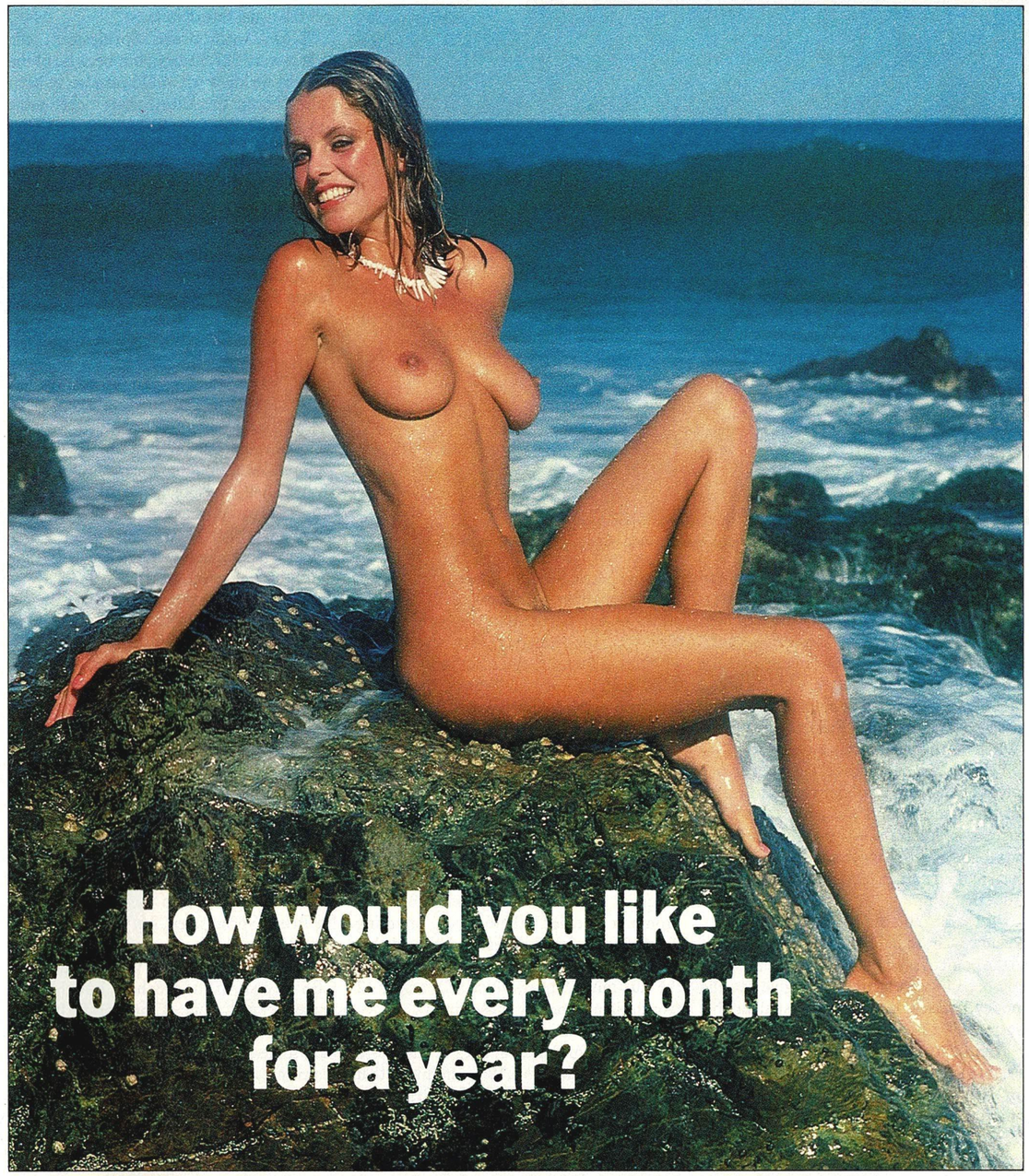
"I think that's what did most damage to us. Plus the Australian dollar went down, only by a few cents, but when you're dealing in the figures that we deal in, a few cents in the dollar is a mountain at the end.

"The shock to me was absolutely horrendous. There's absolutely nothing to compare to seeing your business go down the drain all of a sudden, something that's been worked on for 20 years gone that quickly. But my family and I survived it, mainly through the support of others, although a couple of people weren't too happy, but we overcame that."

When Van Egmond set about to get himself out of financial strife he ran into more bad luck. He decided to auction 200 Persian rugs which he owned; their value was estimated at about $400,000. But he was caught in a world-wide glut of Persian carpets and the auction, held at the Sydney Opera House, fetched only about $132,000.

However, even on the day of his liquidation, Van Egmond received an offer of a little help from his friends that was soon to put him back in business and back near the top. The friend was Ed Bicknell, manager of Dire Straits, who offered to bail his Aussie mate out of dire financial straits because of the fine job he did during the band's 1981 Australian tour.

It sounds a bit like a pop fairy-tale, but it's true. It's all part of what makes Van



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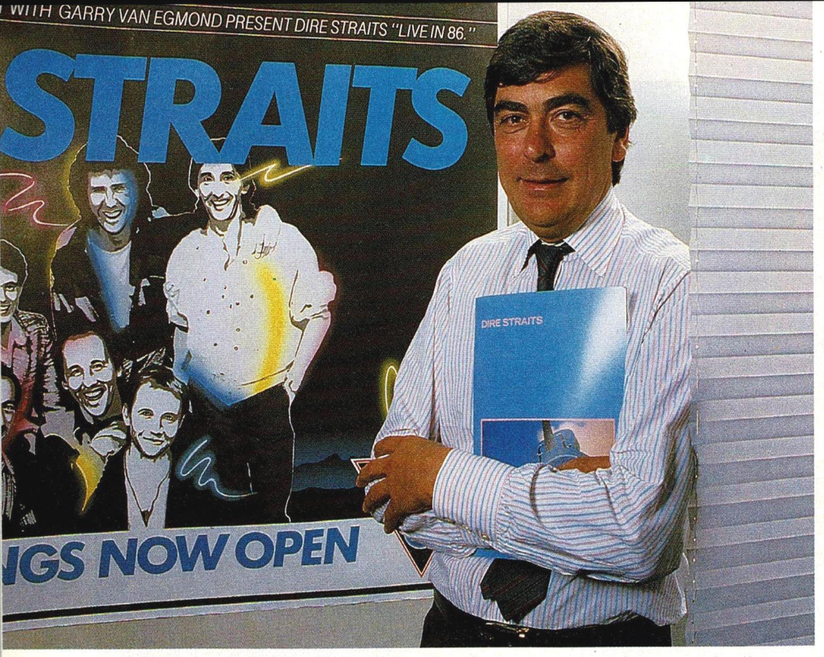


Garry Van Egmond: ". . . the best time to sell tickets is when you're hot."

Egmond tick over, and what enables him to keep the cash registers ticking over. According to him, it's just another example of how, even in rock'n'roll, honesty pays off.

Van Egmond says: "News of the financial crisis reached me at midday, and one of the first phone calls I had at home that evening at seven was from Ed Bicknell, who said: 'When do you want us to come out?'

"He and the band weren't just being nice guys. They knew I had delivered the goods for them before, and had made the band a success in Australia — probably on a pro rata basis it's the most successful they've been in their career. Yet it was also a case of true friendship.

"Ed said: 'You did the right thing by us, we now want to help you.' They even went to the point of saying: 'How much money do you need to start again? We'll give you the money,' which is a little unusual in this business."

Almost two years ago, Van Egmond accepted the band's offer to tour Australia for him, and since then he's been busy building up a show that's broken box-office records and has shaped up to be an event, rather than a mere collection of concerts. That was the promoter's intention from the outset, placing full-page advertisements in the newspapers and utilising saturation two-week build-ups on radio.

The massive tour, which is to employ 60 people in Australia to set it up and will need seven semi-trailers to transport the gear, will cover all the usual capital cities, but will also go to out-of-the-way places such as Northern Queensland, Darwin and Tasmania. North Queensland was added to the itinerary at Van Egmond's suggestion. Tasmania was included after insistence from the Tasmanian government. The Tasmanian premier sent a representative to Melbourne, pleading for Dire Straits to play the Apple Isle, but Van Egmond said it was impossible. Tasmania's difficult to travel to and there simply wasn't enough time on the itinerary. However, after discussing the request with Dire Straits, the band said they would shorten their post-England break by a week and kick off the Australian tour in Hobart.

The tour also garnered the normally publicity-reluctant promoter a lot of "ink". Newspapers made a great deal about yet another Van Egmond innovation, the pre-selling of tickets. The ticket money was invested and financial whizzes had fun estimating just how much extra loot this dragged in for Van Egmond. But the promoter denied there was anything "crafty" about such a deal and argued that the advance ticket sales were similar to, say, the Australian Opera, which sells tickets 12 months in advance by subscription.

Van Egmond comments: "There were two reasons for the advance sales and it was a commercial decision. We announced that the ticket sales were open when the album was No. 1 — the best time to sell tickets is when you're hot. That was the main reason. The album came out in April and we estimated it would be top 10 for about 14 weeks and scheduled ticket sales around that. We didn't expect the album to be No. 1 for so incredibly long. If we'd known it would be on top that long we probably would have opened the bookings in early November.

"Then we said, okay, if we sell the tickets so far in advance, we do not, of course, get hold of the money until we perform. The box-offices control the funds. But we have the right to tell the box-offices how and where to invest in the safest possible way. We do not play the short-term market, for example, which has been quoted in one newspaper. We invest it with the banks and get the usual rate of interest.

"Now, with Bruce Springsteen, the tickets were $27.50 each, but because of the interest we knew we would earn we've been able to keep the Dire Straits ticket price down to $22 plus the $1 booking fee. That makes us $4 cheaper than Bruce Springsteen and that's the other reason for advance sales. Some of the media have picked on this point and made a bit of a thing about it, but we could have charged $30 and still sold all the tickets.

"Another point about that is I booked James Taylor to come here on January 20, but from December 10 to January 15 you cannot sell a ticket in Australia. You can't compete against Father Christmas, so we had to go on sale at the end of November. These are the things I must consider."

But Garry Van Egmond has yet another way of capitalising on the Dire Straits tour — merchandising (ie the flogging of T-shirts, hats, armbands etc). Eighteen months ago he started a merchandising company which he says now controls 50 percent, if not more, of the rock market. His most amazing coup with this company was obtaining the rights to sell merchandise for the Adelaide Grand Prix.

"That was incredible," he says. "We were catering to 100,000 people a day. Over the whole period we had two major printing processes for T-shirts working 24 hours a day for us. We sold out of some items, but the items we could control we went at for 24 hours a day. We also do merchandising for acts such as the Harlem Globe Trotters and a lot of rock bands which we aren't touring ourselves. The income depends on the band, but it probably averages $5 to $6 a head for every person going to that band's concert. We didn't do the merchandising for Bruce Springsteen, but I understand it was $10 a head.

"Merchandising is now very big business. CBS records in the US have bought a 50 percent share in one of the world's biggest rock merchandising companies and they paid some $20 million for it. Our company distributes T-shirts through some 1500 shops nationally on the same basis as if we were distributing records and we also operate a mail order service. We've got two people working full time just on that side alone."

To Garry Van Egmond, bringing in those extra dollars is just another aspect of the golden rule of rock'n'roll — survival. And our man is a survivor. He's not in rock'n'roll for the "broads and booze". He's in it for fun, for meeting glamorous people and for the financial rewards. He gets on with that job, and doesn't bother telling the world who he is or how good he is.

And why *should* he blow his own trumpet? He can simply find someone else who likes blowing their trumpet, put them on stage, and rock all the way to the bank.

PLAYBOY PROMOTION

WINTER THREADS

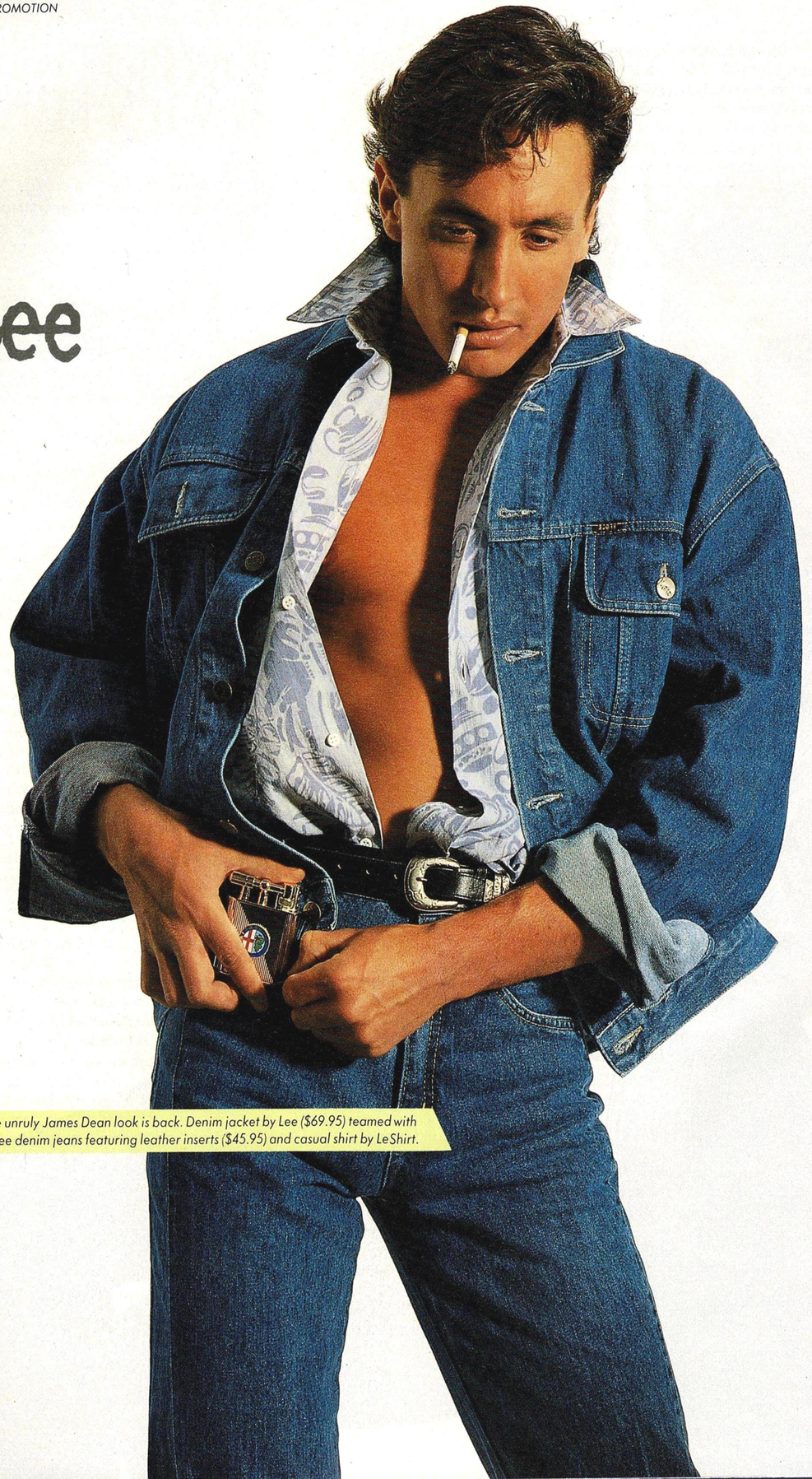
Baby, it's soon gonna be cold outside. Time to get into some of the hottest gear in town.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

Shirts to share by Le Shirt. For him, Zig Zag Jacquard ($46), and for her, Diamond Jacquard ($38). Both styles available in many colors.

LE SHIRT
PLENTY TOUGH

Lee



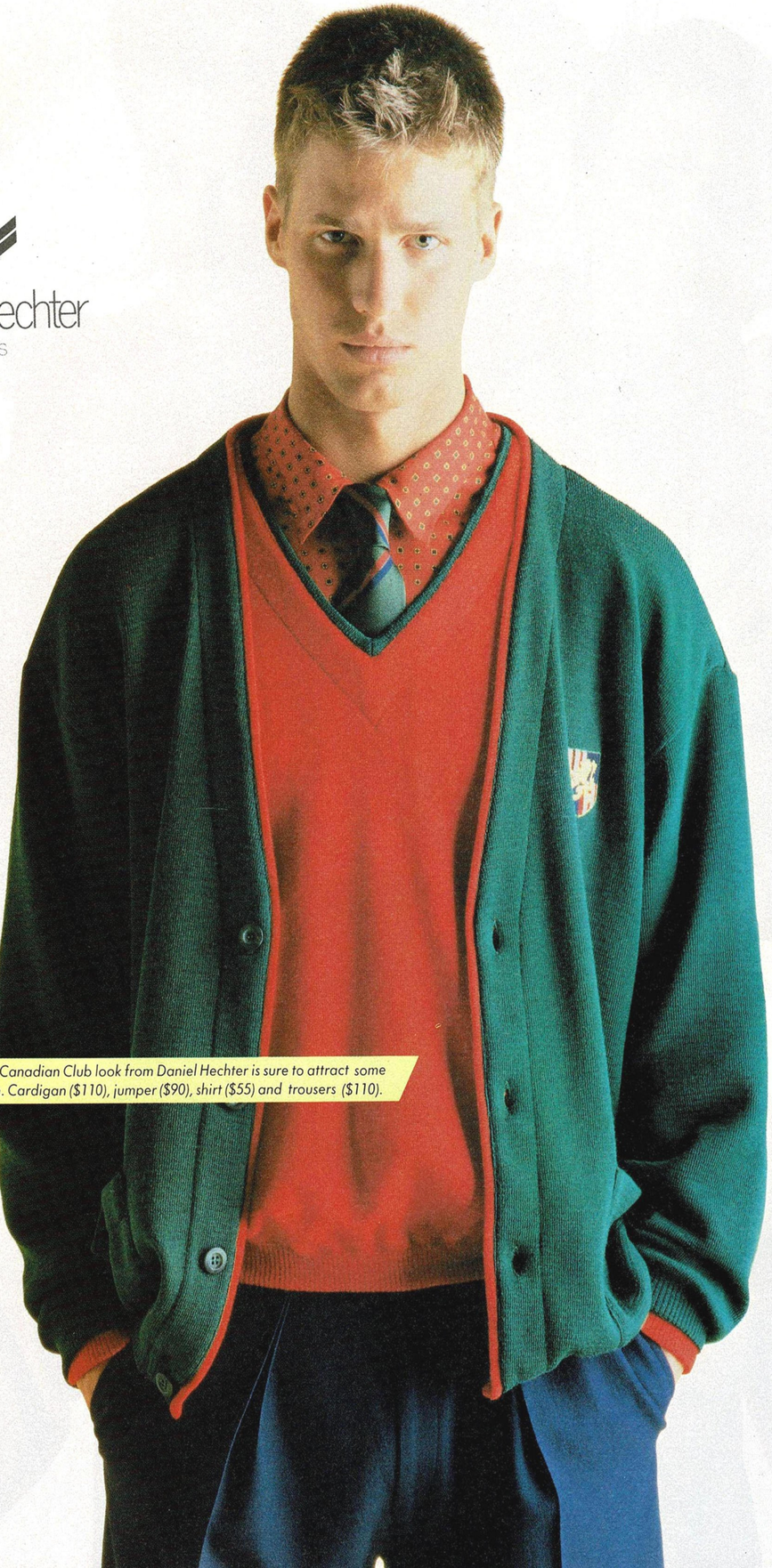
The unruly James Dean look is back. Denim jacket by Lee ($69.95) teamed with Lee denim jeans featuring leather inserts ($45.95) and casual shirt by LeShirt.

PLAYBOY PROMOTION

le coq sportif

Fighting over who wears what was never this much fun. For him, khaki tracksuit ($78.95) by Le Coq Sportif, and for her, red training suit top ($31.95) and matching pants ($25.95).

daniel hechter
paris



The college-style Canadian Club look from Daniel Hechter is sure to attract some studious attention. Cardigan ($110), jumper ($90), shirt ($55) and trousers ($110).

PLAYBOY PROMOTION

AUSTRALIA SOLD OUT AUSTRALIA

Good reasons to stay extra close this winter. Huggable knits by Sold Out from Electric Blue Clothing Co. For him, Aztec stripe cidgan ($95), and for her, waffle-stitch lemon crew-neck ($70).

najee

Versatile European-style flair. The perfect outfit by Najee for the office and then into the night. Jacket ($299) partnered by grey striped shirt ($99.50), flannel trousers ($99) and paisley tie ($30).

PROJECTIONS
DESIGNER WEAR

Classic winter co-ordinates from Projections. White shirt ($90) topped with extra baggy burgundy overshirt ($130) and teamed with loose high-waisted trousers ($110).

paco rabanne pour homme

Bathroom musts for the winter season from the range of fragrances and skin care products by Paco Rabanne. Terry towelling wraps by Christian Dior available at Grace Bros stores.

The fabulous finishing touch. Exclusive accessories by Alfa Romeo. Available at your local Alfa Romeo dealer.

PLAYBOY PROMOTION

STOCKISTS

DANIEL HECHTER — *Merchandise featured available from better boutiques and selected department stores throughout Australia.* **LEE** — *Merchandise featured available from better boutiques, jeaneries and major department stores throughout Australia.* **PACO RABANNE** — *Available at leading department stores and selected pharmacies.* **LE COQ SPORTIF** — **NSW** — *Grace Bros, City Store; Fleets, Ashfield.* **Vic** — *Fitness Revolution; MSD stores, Melbourne.* **Qld** — *Sportmans Warehouse, Gold Coast.* **SOLD OUT FROM THE ELECTRIC BLUE CLOTHING COMPANY** — **NSW** — *David Jones; Costi's for men.* **Vic** — *Just Jeans.* **Qld** — *Craig Collins (Brisbane and Surfers).* **SA** — *David Jones.* **WA** — *Village Gate. White shorts by Avoca sportswear.* **NAJEE** — **NSW** — *Capital Arcade, Pitt Street; Double Bay; Chatswood Chase; North Sydney Shoppingworld; Bankstown Shopping Square; Bondi Junction Plaza; Macquarie Centre, North Ryde; Wollongong.* **Vic** — *Swanston Street, City; Elizabeth Street, City; Camberwell; Jam Factory, South Yarra; Chapel Street, South Yarra; Coburg; Moonee Ponds; Box Hill Plaza; Northland Shopping Centre; Market Square, Geelong; Doncaster Shopping Town; Chadstone Shopping Centre.* **Qld** — *Wintergarden On The Mall, Brisbane; The Galleria, Surfers Paradise.* **SA** — *Rundle Mall, Adelaide.* **WA** — *Barrack Street and Hay Street Mall, Perth.* **Tas** — *Murray Street, Hobart.* **ACT** — *Centre Point Shopping Centre, Canberra.* **PROJECTIONS** — **NSW** *Alter Ego, Bondi Junction Plaza; Brogues, Crows Nest; Bugatti Mens Clothing, Surry Hills; Cavalli Menswear, Paddington; David Jones, Sydney; John Kell, Bankstown; Joie De Vivre, Manly; Just Guys Menswear, Parramatta; Loose Threads Menswear, Cabrammatta; Maurice Menswear, Marrickville; Pauls Menswear, Hurstville; Peter Valle, Parramatta; Ricky's Of Kogarah, Kogarah; Roydens Menswear, Cronulla; That's My Man, Sydney; The Department Store, Paddington; Today's Man Menswear, Campbelltown; Wagstaffs Style Centre, Maroubra.* **Vic** — *Alberts Menswear, Prahran; Ball Melbourne, Melbourne; Bennuci Menswear, Coburg; Chaps Menswear, South Yarra; Coachman Menswear, Hampton; Identity Menswear, Shepparton; Jentz Menswear, Prahran; Menz Mode, Preston; Monnetti Uomo, Chadstone; Shurtz, South Yarra; Ultima Sportswear, Bendigo; Vogue For Men, Malvern.* **Qld** — *Andrews Gents Outfit, Brisbane; Diversions, Rockhampton; Frenz Menz, Brisbane; Harrison Smith Menswear, Maroochydore; Male Manor, Carrindale; Malibu Menswear, Noosa Heads; Manifest Menswear, Surfers Paradise; My Guy Menswear, Toowoomba; Okkanui Menswear, Noosa Heads; Summer Daze, Surfers Paradise; Vogue For Men, Brisbane.* **SA** — *David Jones, Adelaide; Follow Me Menswear, Adelaide; Lorenzini Boutique, Hyde Park; Punch Menswear, Adelaide; Warehouse Workshop, Adelaide.* **WA** — *Europa Sports, Fremantle; Forrest Boutique, Perth; M13 Male Fashions, Perth; Mainardi, Perth.* **Tas** — *John John's Menswear, Hobart.* **ACT** — *If Menswear, Canberra City.* **LE SHIRT** — **NSW** — *Grace Bros, city and suburbs; Waltons, city and suburbs; David Jones, city and suburbs.* **Vic** — *Shirt Language stores, Melbourne/Doncaster/Box Hill/Greensborough/Chadstone; All Myer stores, city and suburbs; Man to Man, city/Brighton/Northland.* **Qld** — *McDonnell + East, Brisbane and suburbs; Myer, Brisbane and suburbs; Waltons, Brisbane and suburbs; David Jones, Brisbane and suburbs.* **Nth Qld** — *Playtime, Townsville/Mt. Isa; Lappins — LDS, Townsville.* **SA** — *Myer, Adelaide and suburbs; John Martins, Adelaide and suburbs; David Jones, Adelaide and suburbs.* **WA** — *Myer, Perth and suburbs; Aherns, Perth/Cannington/Claremont/Garden City; Worths, Perth and suburbs; Jean City, Perth and suburbs.* **Tas** — *Routleys, Launceston/Hobart; G.P. Fitzgeralds, Launceston/Hobart/Eastlands/Moonah; John Mark Pty Ltd, Launceston/Burnie/Devonport; Jean Scene, Hobart and suburbs.* **NT** — *Britches, Darwin; Casablanca Menswear, Darwin; Bruce Deans Menswear, Darwin/Alice Springs.*

ACE OF SPIES

(continued from page 52)

Ericksen claims to be on first name terms with PLO boss Yasser Arafat and his brother, Fathi.

the swirling fog of nearby streets. The deal is done and a chicken fortune is lowered over the side into a decrepit rowing boat which provides part of the spooks' fragile cover.

The docks come alive in a frenzy of whistles. Guns glint against a flickering moon. Chicken man is in custody. Our schoolboy stamps his feet to ward off the cold, pulls up the collar of his heavy coat and in the gathering light of early dawn, his footsteps make a hollow echo along a deserted street.

•

"They interrogated the Chinese guy for 20 hours, really sweated him and they couldn't get him to say a thing. But they didn't understand. You can threaten a Chinaman with death, knives, guns, anything at all. But what they're really scared of is their mother. They believe their mother never dies, that her spirit is always there. So I threatened to tell this guy's mother if he didn't come clean, and then he told me everything.

"The heroin was actually provided free by Chinese agents and these guys could do whatever they liked with it as long as it got distributed in Australia. Not many people know that but it's a fact.

"Another thing is that one way of smuggling chicken was to wrap it in foil, stick it in a french letter and then put it up your backside. So I got the guys to get a metal detector — it cost 27 bucks — and to stick it under the chicken man's seat. When it went off, we knew he was holding. So we fed him a lot of hot chocolate with laxatives in it and just stuck around."

•

It is about now that our schoolboy, fully grown and filled out to 20 stone, started to make the front pages of the tabloid press. Grainy newspaper pictures of the time show our short-back-and-sides public eye splintering doors and negotiating vigorously with members of certain religious sects accused of holding youngsters against their own (or perhaps their parents') better judgement.

"I got one of my agents to join the Hare Krishna and after two days we had to get him out," Ericksen remembers. "He's never been the same since. They implanted that bloody mantra in his mind, singing it non-stop.

"Then they get you drinking the sacred urine. Don't you see the cunning of it? You sing the mantra for days on end, eating nuts and drinking the sacred urine. I mean how are you gonna say you've been drinking the boss's piss? They've got you. You're brainwashed."

There is a sense of humor at work here: impish, informed, black, a weapon against the dark and murky world through which he glides.

It is a world so fantastically complex that the oddest things are connected. There is a connection, for instance, between a repossessed fridge in Melbourne and the international terrorist group, the Palestine Liberation Organisation (PLO).

Our schoolboy claims to be on first name terms with PLO boss Yasser Arafat and his brother, Fathi (pronounced Fatty). The delinquent fridge lived in an inner-Melbourne flat and was owned, at least for a time, by a Lebanese gent who was drunk, death-wished or terrified enough to pull a gun on our ace of spies.

As is so often the case in meetings as stressful as this one, Ericksen and the repossessee became such firm friends that our ace of spies agreed to deliver, to a certain Middle East address, a package of modest size. Business, as they say, is business.

Ericksen's wife and two of his six children accompanied him on this detour through a civilisation on the edge of the abyss, pockmarked by war, punctuated by shell and mortar. You can imagine them chatting gaily to each other on the way through Customs, picking a path through the bomb craters, squinting into a blue sky filled with supersonic jets, framed against a streetscape of ruined buildings like broken teeth. And to a cab, the kids all piling in, bouncing along some desert road to the nameless hospital smouldering in the white heat of a desert day.

•

"There were men with headbands and guns and wire fences. I didn't know about the PLO or any bloody thing. But there were guys there with their chests blown out and burned children with their legs blown off.

"I gave the doctors $500 and said, 'Get them lollies or whatever you can.' Anyone would do that. The next day the doctor came in and said he wanted me to meet the president of his association. I had nothing to do so we went down and I met Arafat who kissed me two or three times.

"Then we left there in taxis for Damascus and we were machine-gunned by Israeli aircraft on the way which I guess endeared us to the Palestinians even more. That's how I met Arafat. He asked me if I would represent them in Australia and I said I would."

•

But what does representing the PLO entail?

Ericksen's eyes droop. He is suddenly sleepy. "This and that," he replies after a

lengthy silence. "This and that."

But what in particular?

"Just things," he says.

We are sitting on a leather lounge. Two Mexican mouse hounds are curled fast asleep in Ericksen's ample lap. A bull mastiff called Buckets dozes under a coffee table. "He has a head like a bucket," his master explains.

On the settee opposite us, in sensible white shirt and conservative narrow tie, sits Billy, introduced by Ericksen as the children's bodyguard. Billy is 22 and almost certainly armed. He has the relaxed confident air of a lad with a Howitzer in his back pocket.

There are two telephones by Ericksen's side and they ring intermittently throughout the day. Sometimes he answers one, though there is no way of knowing which phone will be answered or what happens to the calls that just go on ringing.

Here is one conversation:

"He'll turn everyone in, you know, but he's finished. Stupid.

"I'll speak to FCA, tell 'em he's cracked and you can run in and make them an offer."

As this mysterious conversation unfolds we are sitting in front of a television with a screen the size of a drive-in theatre. Upon the screen — and every pore of her face can be identified — Ericksen's 13-year-old and eldest daughter is tirelessly defeating another teenage schoolgirl in the 14th video rerun of a fencing duel.

There is a piano opposite us. Sheet music of *To Sir With Love* and *Tie Me Kangaroo Down Sport* jostle for attention. There is also a video library. Next to each other are *Lone Wolf McQuade* and *Showboat*. The honorable schoolboy is a man of diverse and distinctive tastes.

Across perhaps a hectare of imported ceramic tiles, Ericksen's attractive and dainty wife, Julie, is fixing the next instalment in an endless procession of fresh percolated coffee and sandwiches.

There is a pool in the yard and a cabana next to the triple garage which houses perhaps $50,000 of humming computers. There is an enormous safe in one corner. Inside the safe is possibly the most inspired security device of them all. It is a custom-built wooden leg of such intricate and deadly design one can imagine Yasser Arafat sawing off his own leg so that he could have one just like it.

•

"I stood on a drawing pin, much to the delight of my enemies. I've got diabetes so I didn't feel it, of course. So I wallowed in a sea of gangrene until an old doctor friend advised me I was dying.

"I was told I needed an exploratory operation and I came back to the ward 30 minutes later minus a foot. One of my agents collapsed in shock so he ended up in the bed next to me.

"I mean, whaddya do, you come back to the ward and your foot's gone. You're either a crybaby or you're brave. Then I'm taken to a surgical ward where they tell me I've got gangrene and I'm strapped into a bed with drips in each arm and in my jugular and this doctor tells me my leg's going to be cut off at the knee.

"So then the Homicide Squad comes in [Ericksen was a defence witness in a front-page murder investigation at the time] and they tell me they've got some bad news for me.

"They produce a subpoena and ask if it's true I'm dying and then one says to the other, 'Good, we'll get a deathbed statement.'

"And after the cops leave, they take me into surgery and cut my bloody leg off. Best thing that ever happened. I looked at the roof for six weeks and until then I'd always chased the next job, the next car, the next house. I suddenly realised I already had everything I needed.

"Then Phil [an Ericksen agent] and the rest of the guys came to see me and I looked down and Phil was wearing my .357 revolver. He told me he didn't think I'd need it anymore and I said, 'You bastards,' and I jumped out of bed, rushed home and went back to work. And I got an artificial leg: this kid, a physiotherapist with hair plaited down to her arse and a ring through her nose, helped organise it. And I was walking back to the hospital and it broke in half and suddenly I was 18" shorter.

"I get back to the hospital and my stump's just a mass of blood and pulp. So I threaten the doc that if I don't get the best artificial leg there is, I'm going to put an icepick through his head.

"And anyhow, after we've discussed it for a while he gives me an address in Germany where they build legs like rocket ships."

•

The loss of a limb, any limb, must come as a great traumatic shock to a man who has led an active life. A one-legged man, for example, might appear, certainly at first glance, to be severely disadvantaged in a shootout, with his chances, even in a lowly brawl or fist fight, seriously reduced.

The dead weight of a wooden leg is no real help at all as he scuttles from building to Beirut building with bullets zinging past his ears.

It is a measure of the man that he can take such a disability in his cheerful, pounding stride; the measure of an inspired ace of spies who can turn such monstrous bad luck to his own ends.

Ericksen's wooden leg is like this: a towering achievement in technology and firepower, an MX missile in a shoe and sock. It is, in fact, the world's most heavily armed leg, containing, as it does, a secret tape recorder, a knife, a garotte, a .25 Browning pistol and a torch. There is also a hollow metal spine which Ericksen has calculated will hold up to 7kg of TNT.

"If some guy was chasing me with extreme prejudice, I could just reach down, unstrap the leg and leave the bloody thing to blow up behind me," says Ericksen. And you can imagine him doing just that; as he hobbles into the sunset, the music rises to a crescendo and the bad guys are blown to smithereens.

"They're the lunatics out there," he says. "We're the sane ones. I'm not the one who goes off to massage parlors or the pub. We're a community here, maybe even a cult, a tribe. There's Phil and Bill, Russell, Mike. There's Talat in Cairo, Sam in Beirut, the guys in Bahrain and Damascus; a guy in Tanzania, Kenya and Morocco."

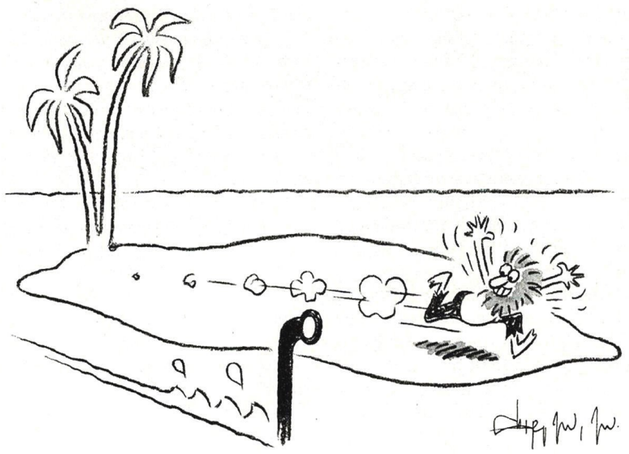
The obvious questions are: Who do all these people work for? Who does Ericksen work for?

His answer, when it comes, floats across the room like a mayfly on a hot day.

"People," he says, "I work for people. No mystery. Just people."

•

Nor is this the end of the tale. While you sleep at home tonight, computers flash, phones ring, dogs roam, a certain bullet-proof Jeep hurtles along some country road. A radio crackles. A hospital shimmers in the desert heat. Whole worlds are changing place and we have seen but a single cog.



CHARLIE GIRL

Inside lovely Charlotte Jackson lurks a tearaway tomboy.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL ANCHER

"Call me Charlie, not Charlotte," insists this beautiful blonde with the cool blue eyes. "People may think I'm a fragile, feminine sort of woman but I'm really very strong and active. I think the name Charlie suits my style. I grew up with two older brothers and we're still the best of mates. They taught me to climb trees and ride a billy cart. In fact they coined the nickname Charlie for me. My mother was disgusted at first but now even she seems to have forgotten that Charlotte is my real name."

"Summer is my favorite season," says Charlie. "I love being outdoors and I play a lot of sport. I used to dream of being a professional tennis player but now I'm content with playing twice a week. It's amusing to watch the reaction of some men when they see me out on the courts. I look very small and timid but I can really slam the ball around!" Charlie works as a dress designer for a small, exclusive company and she admits to a passion for clothes. "That's one part of me that really is very feminine," she laughs. Charlie, we had noticed a few other womanly aspects. Really we had!

HOGAN

(continued from page 33)

I'm no Laurence Olivier and I don't want to be. We're improvising almost every scene.

what we wanted. Can you imagine her up here in the scrub? We didn't want a Hollywood glamor girl, someone who'd be locked in the caravan for hours on end gettin' motivated before she could light a cigarette. We didn't want any of the bullshit. Linda came out for a week and we found out she could act, but it was hard to tell what she'd be like in Kakadu. We thought we'd take a risk on her because if she freaked out up here that'd be okay too. A minor freakout that is, because she's supposed to come from New York and if she's got a bit of that unbalanced feel about her while she's up here, all the better. It's the same for me in New York. No American actor, I don't care who he is, could be as much a fish out of water in New York City as I am.

PLAYBOY: The crew you've assembled for *Crocodile Dundee* is particularly impressive. What was the philosophy — the best at any cost?

HOGAN: Well, we made sure we got the best. We've always had great technicians in this country, even though we've made some terrible movies. They've been terrible movies because they were terrible on paper, but they've still won awards for cinematography, and sound and so on. So, yeah, we said we wanted the best and once we got hold of a couple we got the others. Once you've got Russell Boyd you attract the others.

PLAYBOY: On the other hand, regardless of his vast experience, it is still Peter Faiman's first feature film.

HOGAN: Yeah, but I've always known how much talent he's got and how much enthusiasm he brings to a project. It infects everybody. Christ, he was the heart and soul of GTV 9, he kept it going. Having him here has made this smooth running.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of smooth running, are you always as relaxed as this in your work?

HOGAN: I'm happy. I'm doing me story.

PLAYBOY: Right, it's your baby and the logistics must be. . .

HOGAN: Oh, I made a deal with Cornell. He's not allowed to talk to me about money, budgeting problems, any hassles at all. I don't hear about any hassles. I'm doing a character who lives life without any problems or a calendar, so I can't be worried about going into half an hour's overtime or anything like that. I've just gotta switch off, and if I'm happy and relaxed it helps everyone. Not that I've ever been a drama queen; I don't do much ranting. It's not that hard either. It's like Peter says, try not to rehearse, just block the scenes through. Real natural. That's how it has to be because I'm no Laurence Olivier and I don't want to be. We're improvising almost every scene.

PLAYBOY: You seem so easygoing. Doesn't anything ever give you the shits?

HOGAN: Oh yeah, but for very short bursts. I can get hostile about almost anything but it doesn't last.

PLAYBOY: We, the public, never see this. What could make you hostile right now?

HOGAN: Anything. The nuclear debate if you like. Starvation in Ethiopia, mismanagement of the country. . .

PLAYBOY: Lee Dillow *[a Hogan roadie]* says what really gets to you is people summoning you over with their fingers.

HOGAN: Yeah, that's my favorite. Fans don't do it, only morons. It's amazing. They'll beckon you with their bloody fingers and they seem to think you should come running over. I wouldn't let God get away with that. It's the only thing that's ever brought out real rudeness in me. I mean *really rude*. There's an instant response with the finger, followed by some well chosen words.

PLAYBOY: Your public image, despite these outbursts of rudeness with your finger, remains untarnished. You seem to be the bloke who's cruised through life without a worry or a care. True?

HOGAN: It must have been a bit that way. If you start thinking about your image, about who and what you are, you muck it all up, don't you? If you wake up in the morning and you have to remind yourself that you're really cool, then you aren't. I'm a comedian so I try not to worry about too many things or I'll muck it up. Like I said, we're making a comedy up here and if I had to worry about the budget and all that, I wouldn't be very funny. I'd be paranoid. Actually I know a few comedians like that — paranoid and miserable to boot. There are plenty of comedians who've never been guilty of laughing at anything but their own jokes.

PLAYBOY: Is there such a thing as "comedian's block"?

HOGAN: No, I keep expecting it to hit but so far it hasn't. Of course, it gets hard. You're doing the *Paul Hogan Special Number 52* or something, and you can't think of one more thing to send up or a person to take off, but something always comes. I only do a couple a year. It'd be different if they were every month.

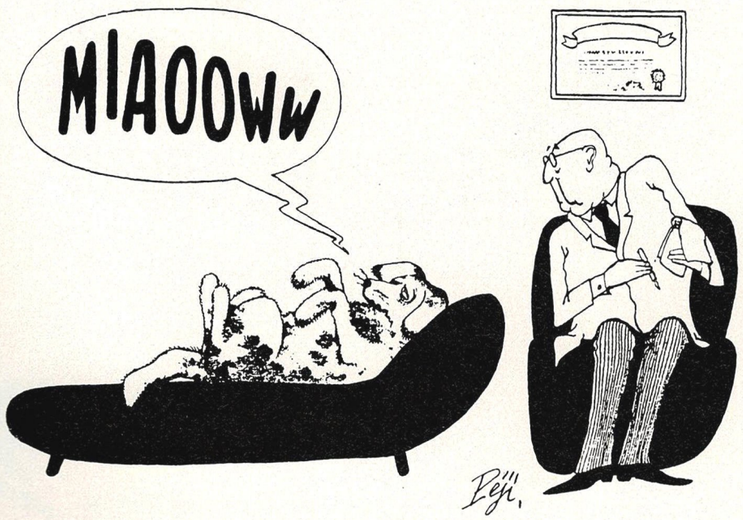
PLAYBOY: Are comedians allowed to be unfunny at home?

HOGAN: Well, one of the rules of our house is you're not allowed to be moody or sulky. Definitely no sulkin'. I don't mean we're the Brady Bunch all walkin' around smilin', but we're a happy family.

PLAYBOY: Throughout your career you've managed to keep your family out of the public glare. Whose privacy are you protecting — yours or theirs?

HOGAN: Well, my wife is a long way from being an extrovert. I don't mean she's a shrinking violet, but she certainly doesn't want her picture in the paper all the time so she'll be pointed out wherever she goes. See, it was my decision to become a professional galah, but that shouldn't mean that the wife and kids are expected to be funny all the time or to be as silly as I am. That's a bit of a drag. It drove me brother nuts. He went back to Canada, couldn't stand it. He was living over there and he came back here for a while and wherever he worked, sooner or later they'd find out he was my brother and they'd want him to act the goat all the time. Tell us a joke, Hoges. That sort of thing.

PLAYBOY: Does he look like you?



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HOGAN: Not really, and he's a pretty quiet sort of bloke. It drove him nuts so he went back to Canada and now I'm on TV in America! Don't know where he'll go next.

PLAYBOY: Clearly you are not the same bloke your wife married a quarter of a century ago, and dare we suggest she is not the same girl? Have the changes you've been through made the marriage difficult?

HOGAN: You have your ups and downs, good times and bad. But it was like that before anybody knew who I was. Now she's had about 13 years to get used to me bein' in the public eye, so it doesn't worry her. In fact it comes in handy at times. She can get things delivered quicker from the shops. She never goes around saying she's Mrs Paul Hogan, but they find out and they deliver that cupboard they'd run out of the same day.

PLAYBOY: You married so young. Has your wife changed in your eyes?

HOGAN: Aah, I'd have to say she has, yeah. We both have. It's hard to explain this. We haven't really changed as a family unit. We got married as kids, we started having kids and we all grew up together. That's the basis of my home life. I'm not a star at home, I'm just the bloke who tends to the septic pump and takes the garbage out. What you were saying earlier, about being funny at home. Well, she hasn't got much of a sense of humor, my wife. I try material out on her and every time I say I'll never do it again. I think it's really funny and the best I get is a grin.

PLAYBOY: Surely the kids must find you mildly amusing?

HOGAN: Yes, they do, and a couple of them are pretty good judges too. My daughter is a good reader of a script. I show her a lot of the stuff.

PLAYBOY: Has it been hard to be Hoges and a good father at the same time?

HOGAN: No, I don't think so. It's a state of mind. I probably have more time with my kids than a lot of fathers do, but there are some things that I miss out on. I'd like to take my youngest bloke to the Royal Easter Show, but of course I can't. Things I did with the other boys when they were little, like Luna Park and the zoo. That's a slight disappointment to me.

PLAYBOY: On the positive side you can probably afford to charter a Learjet and take them to Disneyland?

HOGAN: Not yet I can't.

PLAYBOY: Is money a motivation?

HOGAN: Not really. I was lucky because I went fairly quickly from having no money to having a lot. I didn't go through that two-bob snob bit. I've got a Porsche but it's a wasted car on me, I do about 5000 kilometres a year. That's the only toy I've got, I think. Never buy any clothes, I just keep the stuff the wardrobe departments give me. I've got a big house, a big empty house. We'd always needed it, I got it, and the boys left home.

PLAYBOY: What do you do when you're not working?

HOGAN: Very little. Landscape gardening, tennis, a little bit of business so that I'm not dependent on television. I don't want to be subject to the whims of the viewers forever. When they go off me, well, hard cheese. I'll go while I'm still rating.

PLAYBOY: Is your business outside television in partnership with John Cornell?

HOGAN: No, we'd get on each other's nerves if we did everything together. He gets all the brass for me in the first place and I spend it. I like to make my own business decisions because every time I've taken advice I've got me fingers burnt.

PLAYBOY: You and Cornell have been partners a long time. Tell us about that relationship.

HOGAN: Just great mates. Hit it off from the start, when he was the Melbourne end of the Willesee show. We're like an old married couple. We're even starting to look alike *[laughing]*. He always saw much more potential in Hoges than I did. I remember the first few commercial offers that came in were for sums of money I would have made in two years as a rigger. My mouth was hanging open, but Cornell would say, no, not the right product. Or something like that. I'd take him aside and say, are you sure you know what you're doing? He had great vision and after a few years I started to think he was probably right. He can sense what's right for Hoges. Take the Foster's commercials, for example. The pommy advertising agency wrote these things that were bloody awful, Bazza McKenzie things with me wearing a hat with dangling corks. We chucked 'em out and Corny wrote the new ones from a few of my ideas. The agency picked up a few awards but they were our commercials. We're very arrogant about that sort of thing. We tell 'em if you want Hoges you do it his way, if you want him to be Bill Smith, get Bill Smith to do 'em.

I'm not a star at home. I'm just the bloke who tends to the septic pump and takes the garbage out. That's the basis of my home life.

PLAYBOY: That could be a Hogan-Cornell motto: our way or not at all.

HOGAN: No one could have a better partner than Corny. He's always taken the Rolls-Royce approach — you don't do anything cheap, you don't do anything you don't want to do and you don't do anything you can't be real good at. We've knocked back small fortunes over the years, but it's all been right, I think. There was one a few weeks ago. A ridiculous amount of money for an almost non-existent period of time, I think it would have made me the highest paid anything in the world but we knocked it back because it was sorta wrong. It would have been obvious I was doing it for the money. See, Hoges can't sell French champagne, Rolls-Royces or even Fabulon with any credibility. I'm good at beer and fags.

PLAYBOY: Apart from Australia, some people would claim that everything you've ever flogged is bad for you!

HOGAN: *[laughing]* Well, when I was floggin' cigarettes they weren't a health hazard. They were the good old days. But you're right, it'll probably be massage parlors next, although I might get a fight out of Corny over that. In fact that's the only time we ever have a blue, over whether I should do something, and it usually only lasts five seconds.

PLAYBOY: It's all just too beautiful, isn't it? Happy home life, good honest partner, lots of money. . .

HOGAN: Yeah, well that's the way it appears, I suppose. There are problems.

PLAYBOY: What are they?

HOGAN: Oh, they're not worth talking about. I mean it hasn't been like Alice In Wonderland. There have been setbacks. There is a secret life of Hoges and that's the way it's gonna stay. You see things like "Bernard King's Secret Kitchen Hideaway" on the cover of *TV Week*, you know? Well, it ain't a hideaway if it's on the cover of *TV Week* and it's not a secret if you tell everybody. I've had a charmed life, let's leave it at that.

PLAYBOY: If you had the past 15 years over would you do it any different?

HOGAN: It's interesting, that. When I was in London a while back I thought I was dying, thought I'd had a stroke or a heart attack or something. We'd been filming all day — I think it was a Foster's commercial — and there was a party for the crew that night. Got full of ink and went to bed. Woke up a few hours later numb down my left side and my fingers tingling. I thought: stroke. I remember layin' there in me hotel bed thinking, you can't complain, Hoges, you've had a good dig. I thought, well, the wife and kids are covered, the trust account'll take care of them. Travellers cheques. I remembered I'd put them under the cupboard or somewhere and they mightn't find them when they found the body. There are a lot of things you've gotta think about when you're dyin'. I got up to get the cheques and I was standin' up okay. Then I looked in the mirror and saw this dirty big red line right down my face and body. What had happened was I'd collapsed into bed with me head and arm hangin' over the dressing table, cutting off my circulation. I was right again in a few minutes. I was bloody glad I didn't go and wake everyone up.

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SEX

Bettina Arndt, Australia's leading sexologist, brings you the latest sex news and views.

What's it like?" The question was written down and addressed to me by one of 400 Sydney medical students taking part in a recent question-and-answer session as part of their medical training. "It"? I presumed the "it" was sex and for a moment I was stumped. Just how do you explain to a 20-year-old, presumably virginal medical student what sex is really like?

Life as a sexologist is never dull and recently I've had my share of magical moments talking about sex and relationships on radio and television, and to assorted gatherings across the country. Probably as a result of this PLAYBOY column, I have been receiving more and more requests to talk to groups of men — male clubs, organisations, businessmen, conferences. Talking to a group of men about sex is an offer which is hard to refuse — you are a pretty funny lot when you get going, and there are plenty of incidents to prove it:

- There was the time I was talking to one group of Sydney businessmen and asked them if they ever had trouble saying "no" to sex. Quick as a flash came the reply from one smooth young male, "If I ever said 'no', my penis would beat me to death."
- A wonderful incident occurred after a lunch organised by Radio 4TO for Townsville businessmen. One of the men who had attended my talk strolled over the road afterwards to the local pub and asked the young barmaid, "Can you tell me where the G Spot is?" Her reply: "Oh, I'm awfully sorry, I've only been here a week. I'll have to ask somebody."
- Then there was the man who called the radio program following a discussion I'd been having with a female caller about the difference between vaginal and clitoral orgasms. She'd found that with her vaginal orgasms she experienced a very strong pushing-out sensation in the vagina and her husband was forced to hang on tight to avoid being forcibly ejected. Our male caller was stunned and confessed that he'd frequently been ejected by his lady love and had assumed that he'd been evicted because he'd been doing it all wrong. Now, to his amazement and delight it occurred to him that perhaps he'd been getting it right, very right, after all.
- It had to be Canberra. The caller was a middle-aged, angry matron who was furious to discover her husband had been having affairs. But she had the explanation — it was all the fault of FLEXITIME! The public service's system of flexible working hours made it impossible for her to keep tabs on her straying husband.
- This incident took place in the midst of what was supposed to be a private rather than a public occasion. I was with a group of other mums supervising our children's swimming lesson. This man crept up to me and, without a word to acknowledge he'd recognised me, suddenly asked if I thought his wife had left him because of the tattooed snakes on his bottom. Apparently he had these snake tattoos all the way up his back and over his bottom (he offered to show me) and she'd just walked out one day. Swimming lessons will never be quite the same!

EXPLORING MALE AROUSAL AND ORGASM

In this column last year (September 1985) I mentioned that we really don't have much information about some aspects of male sexual response, particularly individual differences between males in their experience of arousal and orgasm. I asked Australian PLAYBOY readers to write giving answers to some specific questions about the male response and am now working through a great pile of letters containing all sorts of fascinating information. I'm delighted to find so many men are interested in learning and exchanging information on the male body and how it works, and hope more of you will be willing to write in with ideas on some of the topics discussed in this column. So here are some comments on the various points raised in the questionnaire and your responses.

1. EARLY AROUSAL AND PRE-EJACULATORY FLUID

Pre-ejaculatory fluid is the liquid released from the penis during early stages of arousal, prior to ejaculation. We don't really know how common it is for males to release this fluid or whether the amount of fluid released varies from occasion to occasion or changes as a male ages. Most males who wrote to me had always been aware that this liquid is released, particularly during prolonged arousal and a number had found it quite a problem. . . as this letter shows:

When I'm aroused, whether it is viewing a blue movie, browsing through the "girlie" section of a newsagency, or just talking to a pretty girl (regardless of what might follow), I experience a great deal of pre-ejaculatory fluid, so much that it quite soaks my underpants, stains my jeans and often, given time, runs down my leg. From the time of arousal (or stimulus) to the release of this pre-ejaculatory fluid is only a matter of four to six minutes; the longer, the greater the amount of PE fluid. It can become a social embarrassment (eg walking out of a blue movie theatre or undressing for a girl). Some girls think it is a sign of VD but I'm sure I've never had this. The PE fluid I've had for as long as I can remember. It is not all that clear, rather milky, sticky and seems to be like a lot of threads when I do undress. How can I persuade a girl, in casual sex, that this phenomenon is NOT an indication of VD? Is this rather large amount more than average, and is it any indication of how easily aroused I am?

The fluid trickles gradually and does not seem to have increased with age.

The letters show there does seem to be considerable variation between males in the amount of pre-ejaculatory fluid produced, just as women vary enormously in the amount of lubrication they produce. Some women have continual problems of being too dry, others have the opposite problem — they produce so much lubrication they lose sensation. (I will cover female lubrication in a future column.) As this reader points out, women often don't realise that this fluid is perfectly normal (particularly if their previous experience has been with men who rarely show signs of such lubrication). The "threads" mentioned in the letter are also normal — all bodily fluids including the ejaculate and pre-ejaculate vary considerably from person to person in volume, texture and taste.

Many males commented on the fact that the fluid tends to accumulate during prolonged arousal.

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I have always produced clear, sticky, but very lubricatory fluid, more obvious during a long session of foreplay. This occurs also during protracted erotic experiences, such as a good or sexy erotic film, discussing sex with women who turn me on, reading this column (sometimes), ie a whole range and variety of thought-provoking sensual experiences which do not necessarily lead to ejaculation.

While I am aroused, the fluid is produced, but as a slow trickle which can be squeezed out. I have not noticed any reduction in this ability over 20-plus years.

I am aware of pre-ejac fluid, though it only occurs about 20 percent of the time, and rarely more than a trickle. It does seem that the fluid is more likely from a long arousal period. I am now 25 and I definitely had more release when I was 18-20.

While some males report less fluid as they age, others experience more — or is it just that they are more aware of their bodies and more observant?

Over the past few years I have become aware of this pre-ejaculatory clear fluid. It's usually a slow trickle, continuous during heightened arousal over a longer period of time. There is more now than when I was much younger.

Presumably this fluid could have some purpose in providing lubrication — during masturbation, mutual stimulation etc. Some of the sex manuals suggest that if a woman is masturbating a man she should run her fingers firmly from the base to the tip of the penis to force the liquid upwards for use in moistening the skin (for women who are learning to masturbate a man it is *far* easier to learn to stimulate him effectively, maintain an even rhythm etc, if you have a nice slippery penis to play with). But as the results to my questionnaire show, often there won't be much liquid present early in arousal and some men never seem to release this fluid, so these individual differences mean that often an artificial lubricant will be a better solution than what nature has to offer.

2. EJACULATION & AGE

I wanted to know if men had noticed any change in the force of ejaculation, amount of ejaculatory fluid released etc, as they matured. There do seem to be some changes with age, but no one's really complaining:

Ejaculatory patterns? Yes, they have changed over the years. Previously, say prior to 24 years of age, they came fast and furious and not always under control, usually quite explosive. Nowadays a good deal of control, usually when I want them and still explosive. Quantity of ejaculate per orgasm is almost always very substantial, six to eight good spurts, which is probably as good as it ever was in my younger days. I probably couldn't have sex as often in one night as before but it is usually a great deal more satisfying now.

I have always found it difficult to ejaculate more than twice in an hour and find it virtually impossible to get a further erection after two orgasms. The ejaculate seems as forceful now and as much as ever. I guess I have a larger quantity of ejaculate than is often reported, eg I have measured 5-6 mls, slightly more after a period of abstinence and less with ejaculation several times daily and on a regular basis. It can be spurted over several metres, particularly the first release. This quantity can be a problem sometimes as some women cannot seem to hold most of it in their vaginas, although I really appreciated one woman who always commented favorably on the "gallons and gallons" of ejaculate which seemed to turn her on more.

Just in case you were wondering, women weren't meant to hold it all in their vaginas. Vaginas aren't sealed capsules, they have a hole, an entrance and the ejaculate will always seep out eventually, particularly when they stand up!

Less ejac fluid now than, say, age 18 or 19, and only rarely can I ejaculate with as much force as when I was younger. For example, lying on my back and masturbating I could hit myself in the face, now I would be lucky to reach past the belly button.

3. FORCE OF EJACULATION & PLEASURE

Do bigger bangs mean better sex? Well, many males point out they seem to ejaculate with greater force after a period of abstinence — and following the water-to-a-thirsty-man principle, it is hardly surprising that in those circumstances there is also more pleasure.

The force of ejaculation, and the amount, is loosely related to the pleasure experienced. However, to my mind that is more because the amount of semen stored is related to the time since last ejaculation and it is always pleasant to have an orgasm after a long period. But is that because of the amount stored?

Force and amount of ejaculate are sometimes related to the amount of pleasure or quality of orgasm. I usually find a very long, slow session gives a good deal of ejaculate and a great deal of pleasure, although occasionally it's possible to have a quickie with less ejaculate but still lots of pleasure.

4. MULTIPLE ORGASM IN MALES

As regular readers of my column will know, sex researchers have recently investigated the possibilities of males experiencing orgasm without ejaculation — for some men, at least, orgasm needn't be limited to one per customer. It's partly a question of expectations, as we found with women when research first showed females could experience multiple orgasm. The more we talked about female multiple orgasm, the more women learnt to enjoy them. Well, the same seems to be happening to men:

I honestly didn't believe that a man could have a multiple orgasm until I had one myself (actually about three now). However, I have only ejaculated fully once each time, and the first orgasm left the penis becoming flaccid for several minutes until I could work up to the second and final orgasm. (Never more than two.) I must say that I would much prefer to have one orgasm as I have had some pain after the double orgasms.

I have experienced orgasm without ejaculate on a few occasions, usually after a very long slow session of manipulation by my partner's deft fingers. This only seems to happen if I don't have a complete erection.

I believe I have experienced multiple orgasms on many occasions over the past two years. These orgasms usually occur with manual stimulation by my partner over a long period. The stimulation is usually over the head of the penis down to the glans. (I'm uncircumcised so when the foreskin is drawn down over the glans I find the complete exposed area very sensitive to a slow, gentle touch with thumb and forefinger.)

I allow myself to come to the point where the pre-ejaculatory fluid is released by breath control. (I find that allowing myself all the usual sensations in the build-up, including the rapid type with a change to slow deep breathing when that pre-ejaculatory phase is reached, seems to prevent ejaculation and enables me to keep control.) I find that if I repeat this over and over I experience waves of exquisite pleasure equal to continuous orgasms simply by breath control during the manipulation of my glans and head.

I do eventually allow myself ejaculation with great results. The continual waves of orgasm seem to continue as long as my partner and I are able to concentrate.

What is interesting about the last comment is the fact that this reader is using breath control to deliberately move from one stage of arousal to another. The use of breathing to facilitate male arousal is appearing in many recent books on enhancing male sexual pleasure. It's really worth experimenting with different types of breathing — slow and relaxed or fairly quick — and see if this does alter your level of arousal. Once you have worked out your own patterns, you too may be able to use them to help control ejaculation and enhance pleasure.

5. ORGASM WITHOUT EJACULATION

It was also interesting to note that a number of males commented on the fact that when they did have orgasm (the pleasure, the mental and bodily sensations of orgasm) *without* ejaculation, they noticed a large seepage of fluid at the time. According to the authors of *ESO*, Alan and Donna Brauer, many males report continuous leakage of pre-ejaculatory fluid

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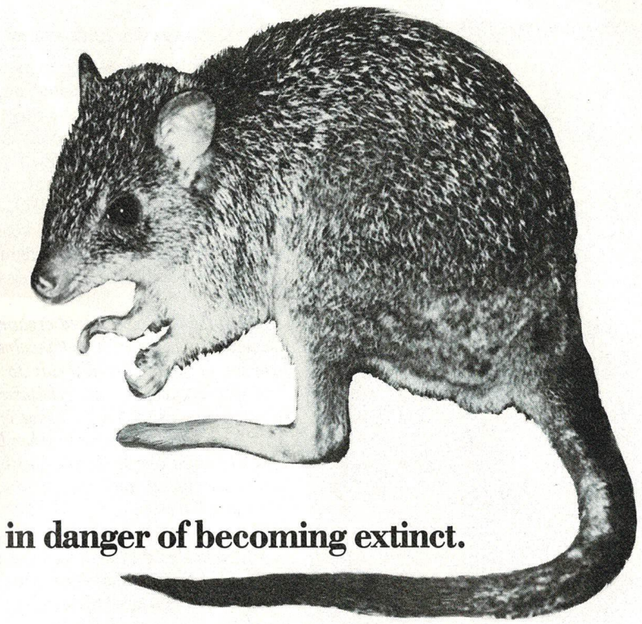

This Brush-tailed Bettong is in danger of becoming extinct.

Only a few are known to be living in North-Eastern Australia in two widely-separated areas, and very little is known about this rare small animal.

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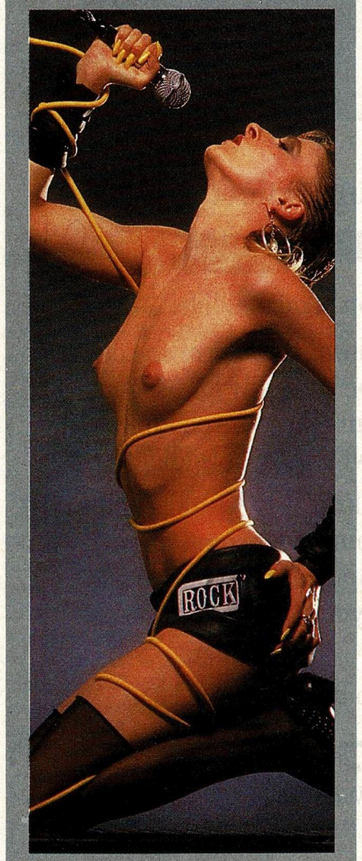

BRISBANE'S RAUNCHY ROCK'N'ROLLER, **KAT LIVINGSTONE,** IS HARD TO BEAT.

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TALKING HEAD: DAVID BYRNE, THE THINKING MAN'S ROCK STAR.

during extended and multiple orgasm.

I believe I have experienced orgasm without ejaculation; however it did involve a large seepage of fluid. It's difficult to define a multiple orgasm; I can remember having several orgasms within the space of minutes with a very special and talented girlfriend when I was 22-23. The third (or was it the fourth, I can't remember due to the state I was in) was without a full erection.

Many males had also had the opposite experience — ejaculation without the sensations of orgasm. This seemed to be a relatively common experience.

I usually experience ejaculation without orgasm if I try too hard to bring myself to a point just before ejaculation. What happens is stimulation to that point, a halt in the proceedings just a little too late and then squirt, squirt, but no real feeling. In fact, almost no feeling at all.

6. ORGASM & EJACULATION WITHOUT FULL ERECTION

The fact that some (perhaps most) men seem to be able to experience arousal and orgasm and ejaculate without an erection is very important in treating impotence. Many men who for either physical or psychological reasons are unable to obtain a full erection assume this means they cannot experience sexual pleasure. (All too often they also assume they are incapable of giving pleasure, a very strange assumption since they are still presumably blessed with lips, tongue, loving hands, words of endearment and all the other qualities which really count — plus the fact that a partial erection can often feel just as nice to a woman as a full one.)

It is therefore very important to discuss just how many men have explored the possibilities of making love without a full erection and I was pleased to find there were many who had decided not to opt out at the first sign of a wilting penis.

Yes, I can experience orgasm and ejaculation without a full erection, but only about an inch shorter penis than usual and only rarely. It is most definitely less pleasurable to me, and seems like my body is saying no (tired or uninterested).

On the few occasions that ejaculation has occurred without a full erection, it's been after a very long, slow session of masturbation by my partner. After a half hour or more my erection may have died down to a softer state but the excitement is still there and so what happens is an orgasm without ejaculation (in a small quantity, usually oozing) but still very pleasurable.

Orgasm without a full erection is quite a challenge but well worth the effort and the dedication to the task. There is no less pleasure, but ultimately the law of diminishing returns must take its toll.

There were even males who sometimes found it preferable *not* to have an erection.

During pre-puberty masturbation I found it preferable not to have an erection. This was done by lying on my stomach with both hands cupping my genitals and moving in the normal intercourse manner. This continued till about age 16 or so (well into puberty) when an erection was uncomfortable and cramped my style during that method of masturbation. Later, during normal intercourse with a very demanding lady, I could still achieve orgasm for the third or fourth time in a night without a full erection. I don't find that possible now (I'm 31). The pleasure during intercourse or fellatio was generally less but that was due more to pain and fatigue from those long sessions.

Phew! There's no question there are some people out there having a pretty good time one way or another. Well, it's nice to know what you are all up to. Keep up the good work and write to me with your comments or observations about male (or female) sexuality. And thanks to all those Australian PLAYBOY readers who participated in the survey.

•

My girlfriend likes to be on top when we make love. She insists that the missionary position is a relic of sexism — that the male-superior position does not give women enough stimulation. Well, to hell with it, I like the power, the view, the exercise that I get when I'm on top. Can you say anything in defence of the missionary position?

— T.P., NSW.

The missionary position has had a lot of bad press — a lot of it from missionaries — but there is nothing intrinsically wrong with it. Lately, researchers have begun to teach women a sexual alignment technique to enhance the standard missionary position. The male adopts a "riding high" position, in which his pelvis overrides the female's mons area. In addition the couple try to grind their pubic regions together, rather than resort to the old in-out. The alignment provides constant clitoral contact and the two techniques combined give an effective twist. Almost 77 percent of the women in the original research group said they always, or almost always, reach orgasm in the missionary position, compared with only 27 percent of females in the control group.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.

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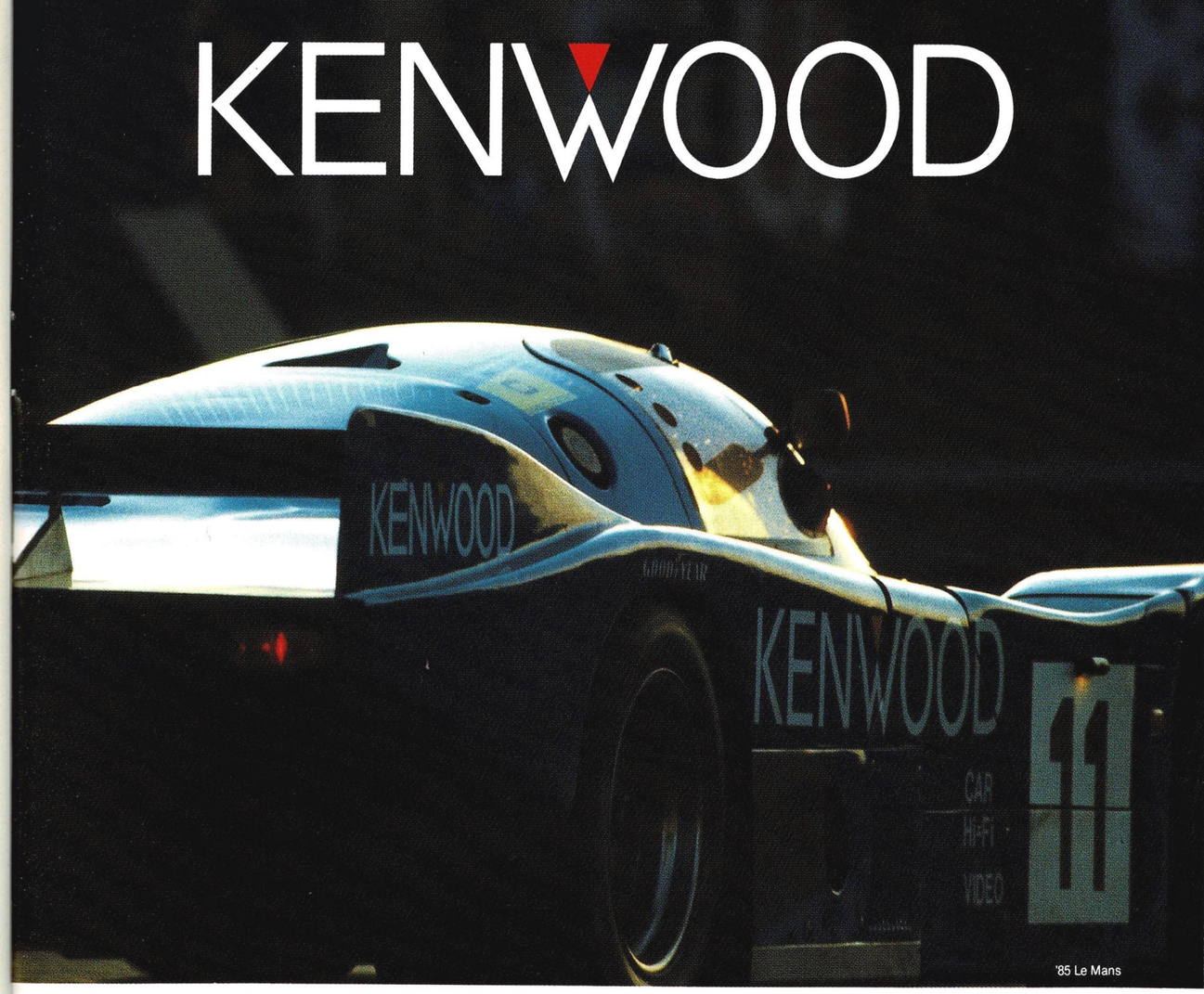

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